

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls*

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## DARK SPOT RUNNING ACROSS ENGLAND

### LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET

#### A FRIENDLY BARK IN THE TRADE ARENA

#### British Brains Drive the Ford Car Off the Roads

#### WHAT WE CAN DO WHEN WE TRY

We may all be pardoned a good-natured smile of triumph at the news that the great Mr. Ford has been compelled to abandon the design of the car he has sent all over the civilised world. Britons must be permitted a little pleasure at the announcement, for it is British cars, in the main, that have caused this mild revolution.

For a whole generation the Ford car has dominated the world's cheap markets. Fords were ugly but efficient, cheap to buy but dear to run. Hundreds of thousands of them ran about the world, and in Great Britain they were by far the most numerous of all the cars in use. Yet British cars have now practically driven them off our roads.

#### A Magnificent Lesson

Mr. Ford produced heavy horse-power to drive the lightest of cars; our makers are providing less nominal horse-power, with twice the speed, at much less cost for licence, petrol, oil, tyres, and general upkeep. Here is a magnificent lesson for us all.

In beating the American Fords our British manufacturers have falsified a grave prediction uttered by too many American public men. They told us we were a dying nation, and we have answered them by driving off the roads the most characteristic product of American industry.

The dying lion has shown itself as young, as vigorous, as bold, and as sure in aim as in the days when the British Empire was being built up. The British lion, immense as are his responsibilities, and grievous the debts he must pay America for moneys borrowed for America's Allies, has renewed his youth, if ever it had left him.

#### The Secret of the Ford

The new triumph of the British car is characteristic of British methods. We have had invasions before by makers of furniture, of boots, of hosiery; but our manufacturers have always turned the tables on their competitors, have beaten them out of our own fields and followed them home to their own markets. Today no rich American who studies his appearance feels himself "dressed" unless he is wearing English clothes and boots.

The Ford car, however, was the offspring of a new industry, and came into the world in rather different conditions. Mr. Ford did teach the world the wonderful lesson of mass production and cheap prices for an article which could not succeed unless it was sold in huge

### The Reappearance of a Slave Girl



We told the story last week of the dramatic return of a slave girl to the Brooklyn Church where she was sold by Dr. Henry Ward Beecher in 1860. A monument to Dr. Beecher outside the church represents the slave when she was sold, and here she is now seen standing in freedom by the figure of herself as a slave. With her is the present pastor of the church

numbers. The secret of his car was that he gave 20 horse-power to do ten horse-power work; the margin was for contingencies. The plan was astonishingly successful all round; Ford cars went everywhere and did everything.

But with the return of peace our own makers, men of great skill and knowledge, have turned his lesson to account and bettered his teaching. They perfected the small car, they made it beautiful instead of ugly, they made it fast, strong, silent, cheap in cost and upkeep, and a mere bagatelle in licence fees. Then they evolved plant which could turn out Morris and Austins, Trojans, Beans, and other jolly little

cars, almost as swiftly and twice as neatly as the Ford.

They beat the lumbering old "tin Lizzies" off our own highways; a pleasure Ford is now a rarity here. Our British cars crossed the seas and met them overseas; they went on and penetrated even America. The end of it is that the maker of the Ford, whose cars have made him the richest man ever known, has had to scrap the vehicle which has made his money and his mark.

There is room on Earth for all the nations, and the joyous thing is that Britons have shown once more that, with all our troubles on our back, we can compete in all markets with anyone.

A Pair of Eclipse Spectacles  
Free with Each Copy

### ARE YOU BEING CRUEL TO ANIMALS?

#### MANCHESTER SETS US ALL A GREAT EXAMPLE

#### Humane Killer Compulsory Throughout the City

#### A PLEA TO ALL KIND PEOPLE

There has been good news for Miss Violet Wood, whom the C.N. called the other day one of the bravest Englishwomen alive.

Manchester, after years of controversy, has decided by a majority of three to one to make the humane killer compulsory throughout its area. Only a day or two before that the House of Commons accepted without a division the First Reading of a Bill making the use of the humane killer part of the law of the land.

#### How Everyone May Help

Unfortunately it does not follow that the Bill will be passed, for already the opposition of a single callous M.P. had stopped this Bill in a previous Parliament. The Parliamentary session is already very much overcrowded, and probably the Bill's only chance is to go through as an unopposed measure. The C.N. hopes that any M.P. who is cruel enough to oppose this act of mercy to dumb animals will get into serious trouble with his constituents.

Meanwhile, everyone can help in getting local authorities to make the humane killer compulsory in his own area. Miss Wood's society, the Council of Justice to Animals (42, Old Bond Street), will send petition forms which may be filled up and forwarded to the mayor or the district council. Although 40,000 animals are slaughtered every day in Britain only a very small proportion of them receive a painless death. The effectiveness of the humane killer has now been definitely proved.

#### What Experiments Have Proved

During the course of an eight months' experiment at Islington 300 beasts killed in the ordinary way with the poleaxe required 500 blows; that is to say, two animals in three required a second blow. With the humane killer 1255 animals required only 1258 shots.

Letters have been sent to the chairmen of every London hospital asking them to buy only humanely killed meat, and clergymen have been asked to let slaughterers in their parish know that the council will send killers free to those who will use them. We hope all C.N. readers will find out if their butchers use the humane killer, and, if not, will let them know that they are expected to do so without much more delay.

Miss Wood, by the way, is not, as we supposed, a daughter of the famous novelist; her mother was another Mrs. Henry Wood, well known, like herself, as a great worker for animals.



## MUSSOLINI'S GOOD DEED

### A KINDLY THOUGHT FOR A BEATEN NATION

Two Precious Volumes Return Home From Their Wanderings

#### HUNGARY'S DELIGHT

By Our Hungary Correspondent

It has often been said that books are like human beings. Like human beings they can talk to us, be friends with us, or soothe and comfort us with their mere silent presence.

Like human beings, books can have their adventures and marvellous journeys, as is proved once more by the history of two precious documents which, after years and years of wandering, are again in the land of their birth.

They started life in a royal palace as part of the library which Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, called into being in the fifteenth century. This monarch, who was called the Just, loved learning and beauty as deeply as he loved justice, and set men to make beautiful books for him. He created a library which became world-famous.

#### The First Books

Printing had just been invented in those days, and many of the first editions, some of the very first books that ever were, found a place upon the shelves. But most of the books were written by hand, and exquisitely illuminated by famous Italian artists.

After the death of Matthias Corvinus his library, which had been the envy of all the smaller Courts, became the spoil of the whole civilised world. Everyone wanted to own one of the sumptuous leather or vellum-bound volumes with the embossed raven (the king's emblem) on the cover, and many succeeded, by fair means or foul, so that very soon there were Corvinas, as they came to be called, in countries as distant from Hungary as England, Russia, and Spain.

#### A Generous Gift

But there were still many volumes left for the Turkish soldiers to loot when, in 1526, Solyman the Great possessed himself of the city of Buda, and the two volumes whose history we have begun to tell were among them. They were sold to a Venetian bookseller, who eventually passed them on to Duke Alfonso the Second of Este. For nearly three centuries they remained in Italy, merely changing from the Ducal library in Ferrara to that of Modena. But in the middle of the nineteenth century the Duke of Modena, hearing that there was a movement on foot in Hungary to reconstruct the famous library, generously presented the two books in his possession to the Hungarian nation.

Unluckily they became entangled in Austrian red tape on the way, and failed to reach their destination. It was not until forty years later, in the last year of the nineteenth century, that they were rescued from the Viennese Court Library into which they had been incorporated.

#### Part of a Dream Come True

At last they were back again in their native land. But not for long; for after the close of the Great War the Italian Government put in a claim for them on the ground that they were of Italian workmanship, and the Hungarians were forced to give them up, sorely against their will, for they still dreamed of reconstructing King Matthias's library.

But one day something whispered in Mussolini's ear that it had not been quite kind or fair to deprive the people of Hungary, who had lost so much in the war, of these two eve-lambs, and in a benevolent mood one day he listened to the voice. Word went forth that the Corvinas were to be restored to Hungary, and the Hungarian people are now rejoicing as men rejoice who see even a small fragment of a cherished dream come true.

## THE MEN WHO HATE NOBODY

### ROTARY IDEAL OF BROTHERHOOD

The Business Man and His League of Nations

#### WHY NOT A PEACE SCHOOL?

There has been a wonderful meeting of the Rotary Clubs of the world at Ostend, and the world's peace has been made a little safer for the gathering.

The last and greatest of all the six aims of Rotary is "the advancement of understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world-fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service," and this is the noble passage in which the Conference President set forth their methods:

No longer shall this work be left alone to kings and congresses, to Courts and armies, to threats and diplomacy. All these have failed. We are now trying a new plan.

Business and professional men from every nation, who know that without this all for which they strive will come to naught, are sitting down with their fellows to try to devise a plan which means safety and permanency. They know that if they become acquainted, have fellowship one with the other and become friends, there should be no desire for anything but peace. Here there is a ray of hope.

This is not to be done single-handed, but unitedly. It is no one man's job. The single-harness days are over. The leading men of all businesses and professions and from all countries must join hands. We cannot be united unless we have a common ideal. This we find in the Rotary motto, "He profits most who serves best."

#### King Albert's Address

One of the rules of Rotary is that none of its clubs shall have more than one member at one time belonging to any one trade or profession. At present there is only one King in the whole organisation, Albert, King of the Belgians, who gave a moving address in the true Rotarian spirit. He said:

The application of the Golden Rule to life stimulates the development of that sense of citizenship so difficult and yet so essential to cultivate. A lively and active civic spirit is the root of all good government. Rotarian principles make good servants of the State and develop among members of a nation and of society true friendship, that great need of the world. To accept the sacrifice of self to one's neighbour, to accept the idea of ethics in trade and profession, is to be well aware of the responsibilities of a modern citizen. Groups of individuals working close together for a common purpose can accomplish wonders. The great Rotarian ideal, essentially a humanitarian ideal of brotherhood, may have an efficient application in the broad sphere of international relationship.

#### The Tragedy of Misunderstanding

What was it, asked Mr. Donald Adams, that kept them all going through the world war? It was the determination that as soon as the war was over they would do everything in their power to make a better and a happier world. Yet still today, said Sir John Pratt, of Glasgow, the nations were threatened by a tyranny greater than that of Herod or Attila, the barbarous tyranny of modern scientific war. The international spirit to which Rotary is devoted (said Sir John) would strike down for ever that last great tyranny, and leave to all the families of mankind a lasting heritage of enduring peace.

Finally Mr. Paul Harris, in whose brain Rotary had its beginning 22 years ago, sent a message in which he declared his belief that, though the meaning of the words "On Earth peace, goodwill toward men" was known to children, children grew up and sooner or later met with the tragedy of misunderstanding, which was the shortest and

## BLUEBEARD'S MEADOWS

### NOW PLAYING FIELDS FOR CHILDREN

The King's Birthday Gift to a Great National Movement

The King and the C.N. seem to be once more of the same mind. The C.N. celebrated its birthday by a gift to poor children; the King has done the same, for on his 62nd birthday he gave two paddocks at Hampton Court to the National Playing Fields Association.

The King's gift was the first result of the Prince of Wales's appeal for "many acres and one million pounds" to make playing fields for British children. Other gifts have followed, including the wonderful gift of £200,000 from the Carnegie Trustees, and before very long the dream may come true of the day when no child in England will be able to say "I have nowhere to play."

#### The Children's Rightful Heritage

At the time of the Prince's speech there were 4,000,000 children in Britain who had nowhere to play. In the past, when every village had its green, and towns were small and grew slowly, there was always some place where young people could play games in the open air; but when machinery came into use in the 19th century factories and workmen's houses sprang up so quickly that soon there were huge, sprawling, ugly cities without any green places for children to play in.

Town builders of the 19th century left English children nothing but the gutters. It is our duty to give them back their rightful heritage, a green space free from the perils of the street. The National Playing Fields Association is doing a work which ought to appeal to every type of Englishman, and we hope that still more offers of money and acres will reach its offices at 66, Chandos Street, London, W.C.

#### The Good King Gave the Fields

Of course, the King's Fields at Hampton Court will always be the favourites as well as the first of these new playing fields. From the time of Henry the Eighth they have been used for breeding or training the King's horses, including the famous cream carriage horses whose ancestors were brought over from Hanover. All kinds of great people have visited these royal fields, and 400 years of English history are knit up in them. Now a King has given them to those who will make history tomorrow. No fields could have a better story, for they begin with Bluebeard and end with our good George the Fifth, and in all our experience we have never met a fairy tale or romance that had a happier ending.

It shall truly be written, *And the good King gave the fields to the children, and they played happily ever after.*

Continued from the previous column

straightest road to destruction. Understanding made for peace, misunderstanding made for war. Understanding made for prosperity, misunderstanding for poverty. The greatest resource a nation could have was the resource of peace. Schools and colleges had been dedicated to the interests of war. Who would dedicate the first school to the interests of peace? Education had lifted man out of the jungle; it could raise him to permanent peace.

There were 5000 delegates at the Conference, representing 2595 clubs in 40 countries with a membership of 129,000; and the day is coming when there will be Rotary Clubs in all the chief cities of the world. Is it too much to say, after this Ostend Conference, that Rotary has now emerged as one of the leading influences for world peace?

## A MAD BULL MEETS HIS MATCH

### Heroes of 12 and 74

Let us now praise not only famous men and our fathers, but also two present-day Englishmen of the heroic sort, one of them 74 and the other 12.

A cattle-drover named Frank Jackson and another farm hand were told the other day to take a pedigree bull and a heifer from Riseholme Grange near Lincoln to a farm at Carlton. At first the bull was docile, but when something frightened the heifer the bull became infected with her panic. Suddenly attacking his keeper, the bull threw Jackson down and gored him.

Then Thomas Oates came along, an old man of 74, armed only with a stick. A bull that has run amok is terribly dangerous, but Oates did not think of this; he simply thought of trying to save Jackson. The brave old man did succeed in beating the bull off its victim, and, not content with that, he got three other men to help him to catch the angry beast and tie it up. Unfortunately Jackson died of his wounds, and it is wonderful that Thomas Oates did not share his fate.

#### Brave John of Hoxton

Hoxton has its heroes as well as Lincoln. One evening Mrs. Moncur of Dorchester Street saw two boys come into her kitchen with dripping clothes. One was a 12-year-old son John David, the other a child of seven.

"Who is this?" asked Mrs. Moncur. "Only a little boy I have saved, Mummie," answered John David, who had rescued another boy from the Regent's Canal just before Christmas, and was getting quite used to it.

"All right, bring him in," said the mother, and soon she had dried the stranger, put him in John David's bed, and given him hot milk. Later the child's parents came for him.

John Moncur had heard a cry for help, and had seen a little crowd of people on the canal bank, but he had not waited for someone else to do the helping. In he went, and the drowning boy nearly dragged him under before he got ashore.

With boys like Moncur and old men like Thomas Oates England is a fortunate land indeed.

## THINGS SAID

I have never been to a kinema.

*Bishop of Lichfield*

We shall certainly need a Wild Flower Preservation Act in the near future.

*Mr. J. B. Bacon Phillips*

The bravery of the motor-cyclist is alarming.

*Lady Inglefield*

There is not a town which has enough public playing fields.

*General Kentish*

We have no more right to sing false statements than to speak them.

*Rev. W. H. Condy*

But for the tilt in the Moon's path we should have an eclipse every fortnight.

*President Royal Astronomical Society*

The whining schoolboy has disappeared, and truants are gone.

*Mr. A. Saywell*

In running 100 yards in 10 seconds a man uses nine horse-power of energy.

*Professor A. V. Hill*

Be lazy, and die. Work hard, think hard, play hard, and live to a ripe old age.

*Sir James Purves-Stewart*

Most of our successes as a nation have been the victories of the average Englishman.

*Ian Hay*

Every healthy boy loves to kick at something—a football, a tin can, or a hat.

*Sir Arthur Crosfield*

Every child comes into the world endowed with liberty, opportunity, and a share of the war debt.

*Lord Dewar*



# HOW TO SEE THE MOON BLOT OUT THE SUN

By the C.N. Astronomer

THE total eclipse of the Sun, the greatest astronomical event of this year, is now at hand, and some millions of people, many from distant lands, will be travelling to the Belt of Totality shown in our artist's map-picture to see the grand spectacle awaiting them on June 29. England is the much-favoured country and the most accessible on this impressive occasion. If only we are favoured with a clear sky the spectacle will be superb.

In previous articles in the C.N. the various phenomena have been described in detail, so we give herewith a general survey, with a picture showing both cause and effect at a glance.

With each number of the C.N. this week is given away a pair of spectacles. With their aid the beginning and progress of the eclipse may be noted, and the gradual encroachment of the Moon over the solar disc may be watched in comfort and with safety for the eyes.

The first notch out of the right-hand side of the Sun will be seen soon after the eclipse begins; this occurs between 5.26 and 5.27 a.m. (Summer Time) in London and South-East England, a minute or two earlier in Wales and South-West England, and two or three minutes later in the Midlands.

In the North of England it begins five minutes later than in London, from 8 to 9 minutes later in Southern Scotland, and still later in Northern Scotland.

These relative times (earlier or later than London) continue throughout the eclipse, and so the minutes may be

added or subtracted by our readers in different localities, to or from the times for London.

In the 45 minutes following the beginning of the eclipse the Sun's disc will be reduced to a slender crescent, appearing below the Moon in the South of England and above the Moon in the North—where observers will be, as it were, looking at the Sun over the top of the Moon.

In the districts where the eclipse can be seen as partial only the greatest phase will occur at 6.20 in London and South-East England; elsewhere in Britain it will be a few minutes earlier or later.

Many most interesting things may be noted about this time; the singular yellow twilight, the hush that comes over bird-life, and the very curious and weird shadows that make their appearance. The shadows may be specially noticed under trees where the sunlight penetrates through the foliage. There numbers of little crescents of light will be seen, each constituting a little image of the Sun; and if the sunbeams are permitted to penetrate through holes in shutters or blinds on to the walls of a darkened room the gradual change in the shape of the Sun from a circular disc to fine crescent can be witnessed in as many places as there are holes.

Stars are not likely to be seen from the area of partial eclipse, but Jupiter may be. At places near the Belt of Totality one or two of the brightest stars may be perceived; in this case Vega will be almost due west and Capella due east,

but, as there will be nothing approaching darkness in the area of partial eclipse, no others are likely to be seen.

The C.N. spectacles should be used when looking direct at the Sun until within two or three minutes of totality, when the Sun will be reduced to merely a curved streak. Then the spectacles need not be used again until the curved streak of the Sun reappears at the other side of the Moon's dark disc.

Along the thirty-mile wide Belt of Totality shown in our picture will exist a state of things vastly different from that observable elsewhere.

There, within the space of one minute and over a comparatively small oval area, the Moon's shadow will fall and, while intercepting the brilliant direct rays of the Sun, will permit all his glorious surroundings, the pearly corona and rosy prominences, to be seen in a way that is impossible at any other time.

This oval area sweeps very quickly in a north-east direction across North Wales, Liverpool, and then across England to the North Sea, at between 80 and 90 miles a minute.

In the Lancashire area of totality the Sun will vanish between 23 and 24 minutes past six (summer time); in the Durham and East Yorkshire area between 25 and 26 minutes past six, while midway it will be between 24 and 25 minutes past. In the North Wales district totality will occur between 21 and 22 minutes past six.

Two or three minutes before these times C.N. readers should be sure to

remove their spectacles, so as to note the rapidly-darkening yellowish gloom and approach of the shadow just before totality. It is therefore desirable to be on a hill, or on a high position, to see over the country toward the south-west, because it is from this direction that, just before totality, this awesome shadow will be seen rushing, apparently direct to the observer.

Immediately it arrives spectators should look at the Sun and the grand transformation will suddenly take place; then the curved rays of the marvellous corona will flash out, and the crimson prominences and the glow of the Sun's 2,600,000 miles circumference of fire and flame will be seen by millions of people for the first and only time in their lives.

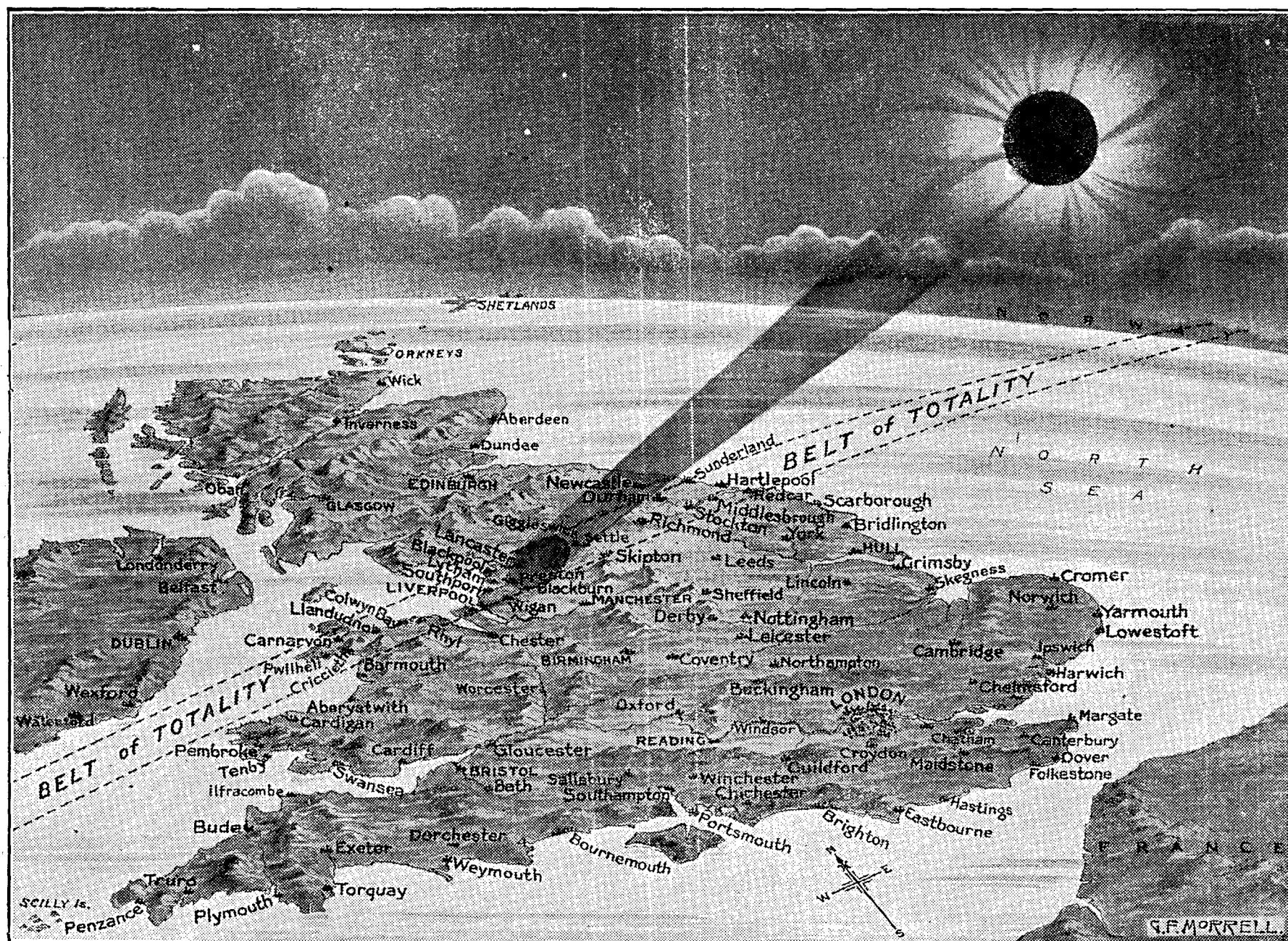
Immediately after the precious twenty seconds or so of totality have passed, when the spectacle suddenly vanishes with the reappearance of the Sun, the shadow may be seen fleeing away to the north-east. During the next hour, the Moon will gradually pass to the left over the Sun's disc, and by 7.17 a.m. the eclipse will be over in London and within a few minutes of this time elsewhere.

Not until August 11, 1999, when the Moon will again completely intercept the Sun from South-Western England, will this, the grandest of all astronomical spectacles, be witnessed again in this country.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus, Mercury, and Mars to the north of west; Saturn south. In the morning Jupiter south-east to south.

## THE BLACK SPOT THAT WILL RUN ACROSS ENGLAND AT 80 MILES A MINUTE



Soon after six o'clock on Wednesday morning, when the Moon blots out the Sun for about half a minute from a 30-mile belt across England, an immense black spot will run across the country from Carnarvon to Sunderland at the rate of 80 or 90 miles a minute. It will be the shadow of the Moon, and will darken 1000 square miles of country wherever it falls.



## A LOOK AT WEST END PRICES

### ROMANCE OF A DISH OF DESSERT

The Little Crystal Palaces  
Where the Early Fruits Grow

### WHERE THE MONEY GOES

Certain West End prices published the other day must have surprised little people whose pocket money does not run to peaches at 4s. each, strawberries at 10s. a pound, raspberries at 4s., and grapes at 15s. The men who grow these hot-house luxuries would not be paid any such sums, but even they receive rewards which would make ordinary market gardeners stare with rapture.

But 10s. a pound for hot-house strawberries is not exceptional; 30s. is commonly obtained when the first crop reaches Covent Garden; large, fragrant fruit, lustrous as the finest scarlet enamel, but invariably sour! Not all the art of a nurseryman, with 80 degrees of heat and the richest fertilisers, can sweeten a strawberry artificially forced in the heated house; open air and sunshine alone can do it.

### The Dreaded Red Mite

The strawberries which come early to table are a summer crop produced in mid-winter, grown in flowerpots, and forced from about Christmas. Thousands of such pots make up the nurseryman's stock, for in these conditions the best potted strawberry plant yields from first to last an average of only three ounces of fruit, and that at great cost in fuel and labour. A little too much moisture in an insufficiently heated atmosphere, and mildew rots the fruit; too little humidity, and the dreaded red mite attacks the leaves, drains them of sap, and turns them brown.

Grapes are available practically all the year round, for vine succeeds vine in its season of fruiting. These English vineries are like little Crystal Palaces; the foliage and bunches of grapes so thickly line the house that the sloping roofs overhead convey the idea of a tropical forest. Such a nursery affords grapes by the ton, and the houses are so large that pair-horse vans drive through them from end to end.

### Roses for Every Day in the Year

There is not much an English nurseryman cannot grow under glass, though he cannot afford to cultivate all his crops on a commercial basis. Before the war an English pineapple cost a guinea to grow, and bananas must have been nearly as expensive.

But we may, if we will pay for them, have roses every day in the year, maiden-hair and asparagus fern, arum lilies, chrysanthemums, spirea, tulips, narcissi, cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, all long before the natural season, and from the house that furnishes delicious nectaries may come the homely lettuce and other ingredients of the early salad.

### Big Profits

The work is hard, anxious, hazardous, but deeply interesting, fraught with risk, but profitable to the skilled and far-seeing, and the industry supports an army of men who are as intelligent and interesting a class as are to be found throughout our working community. We know one nurseryman who worked with Darwin.

Whatever the price we pay for our dessert, the men who produce it have well earned every penny of their share. Huge profits go to other people, a grievance which growers and public share in common, for our English growers do not get them. They can challenge the world as producers, but not as distributors of their delightful products; hence the exorbitant gains of florists, greengrocers, and fruiterers.

## REPTILES OF REGENT'S PARK

### The New House at the Zoo EVERYTHING VERY MUCH BETTER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The general design of the interior of the Zoo's new Reptile House is almost identical with that of the Aquarium.

Visitors are expected to keep to the right and walk round on the One Way Street system. The walls are painted black and the cases for the reptiles, like the tanks in the Aquarium, are let into the walls and separated from the public by glass.

The reptiles have a most charming background in their new home, for some of the cases are fitted with elaborate rockwork, while others have branches of trees, and the floors are covered either with silver sand or small pebbles. In parts the roof of the house is made of glass so that on fine days the Sun will shine through on to the animals; but each case is wired with electricity, and certain reptiles are also to have artificial sunshine and ultra-violet rays.

### How the Reptiles are Fed

The Zoo's reptiles are not fed on live animals, but as their food is killed only a few minutes before it is given to them it must be kept in the menagerie for some time before the weekly feeding-time arrives, and is therefore expensive. As the cost of the rats and mice given to the reptiles amounts to £900 in a year, arrangements are now being made to breed these in the menagerie.

A room in the Sanatorium is to be used for this purpose, and two hundred wooden boxes with perforated lids are to be placed on shelves round the walls. In each box two white mice or white rats will be placed and they will be given a bed of dried grass and a diet of brown bread and water, and it is hoped that in this way the Zoo will save £600 a year, although a keeper's whole time will be required to look after these little creatures.

## IN THE TEA GARDENS OF THE EAST

### A Quaint Motor Device

A curious machine, a mixture of a tank, a harrow, and a motor-car, has been made by a firm of engineers in Lincoln for use in India's tea gardens.

The ever-growing demand for tea has made it necessary to introduce science into the cultivation of the land; the placid ways of the natives are no longer sufficient.

Tea plants are rather like currant bushes in appearance, and are planted in close rows, but to keep up the growth of the bushes and to keep down the weeds the soil between the bushes is always cultivated.

This quaint motor-machine glides between the rows of bushes on two narrow caterpillar tracks, and its pressure on the ground is so light that, despite its weight of nearly a ton, it makes hardly any impression even on soft, wet soil. A number of forks are worked into the soil as the machine travels along, and they weed the ground and prepare it for cultivation. It is an almost uncanny tiller of the soil, the latest scientific device introduced into the old-world tea gardens.

### THE L.N.E.R. DOES A GOOD THING

The L.N.E.R. has set a good example to hotel and restaurant keepers which should be widely followed.

It has announced that plover's eggs will no longer be obtainable in any of its Scottish hotels.

## IS THE FOOL-PROOF SHIP COMING?

### Steering by Ear

### WONDERFUL DEVICE FOR A FOG

There is the simplicity of genius in an invention being tried at Newhaven for guiding ships into harbour during a fog.

A ship has twice been successfully brought in by blindfolded pilots, once by the captain's thirteen-year-old son and once by a mere landlubber who gave his directions verbally to the steersman.

The apparatus consists of two horns connected to an electric timing mechanism. The horns are placed to left and right at exactly equal distances from the channel they are to indicate. The left-hand horn (to the west, in this case) emits at frequent intervals two short blasts exactly half a second apart. The right-hand horn (to the east) emits one blast lasting exactly half a second, between the other two.

When a ship is in exactly the right place those on board hear the three blasts as one continuous sound. When it is even a few yards nearer one horn than the other there is a break in the continuity of sound. Either the middle blast is late and there is a gap before it comes, or it is early and a gap follows it, because the hearer is farther from it or nearer to it than he should be. In addition, of course, the nearer blast sounds the louder.

These variations were so clear to the inexperienced people who tested them that they were able by their aid to keep the ship in the middle of the fairway.

### DO ANIMALS THINK?

### Two Pet Lambs and Another

The unsettled question Do animals think? is thus discussed by a Yorkshire reader.

I had two pet lambs who were getting fairly big and had come to think themselves lords of the realm when a third was put with them so that they might make his acquaintance.

This they proceeded to do, and, deciding that he was an intruder and would make a good butt, they butted. He took refuge in flight, but, being unable to get out of the yard, he ran round and round a hen-house.

This somewhat nonplussed my young lords who, after two or three revolutions, stopped, looked into one another's eyes for a second or two, and then, with a toss of the head and a frisk of the tail, set off round the hen-house in opposite directions.

Now, how did they arrive at the decision to do so? It was plain to see that they understood each other perfectly, and that the action was concerted. They recognised and solved their difficulty much quicker than I had done, for their action was a surprise to me.

To finish the story—they caught poor little Jerry on the opposite sides amidship, and seemed likely to make an end of him but for my speedy intervention. Afterwards, as time went on, he gained strength and became the ring-leader in the impish tricks which that trio indulged in that summer.

I cannot believe that animals do not think. Perhaps it is because my mind is not scientific, but I cannot believe it.

### C.N. BIRTHDAY FUND

### South Africa Turns the £500

A welcome contribution from a good C.N. home in South Africa brought the C.N. Birthday Fund up to Five Hundred Pounds; and the complete list of further sums sent in makes the total £505.

£2. Charles H. Hawes, Boston, U.S.A. £1. Rev. and Mrs. Reynolds, Agra, India; Miss D. Baillie, Victoria, British Columbia. 15s. Dinah Margo, Johannesburg. 10s. Doreen Davey, Stanningley. 6s. Miss L. Woods' Pupils, Wesleyan Sunday School, Kingston, Portsmouth. 5s. C.P.P., London, S.E.12. 2s. 6d. Miss F. N. Nasmith, Cape Province; Dorothy Thompson, Suva, Fiji; First Class of Grey Street Senior Girls' School, Bootle; F. M. Parkes, Orange Free State; John Robinson, Pemberton, Australia; Tim Hillyard, Bakewell; M. E. Baker, Manchester.

## JANE EYRE'S HOME NOT TO BE A HOME ANY MORE

### Good News from the Country of the Brontës

### A NEW MUSEUM

Jane Eyre's home will never be a home any more.

What good news it is! Sir James Roberts has offered to buy Haworth Parsonage from the Church Lands Trustees for £3000 and to make it into a Brontë Museum.

We are not glad for the sake of the famous writers who lived there; their books are their monuments. We are not glad for the sake of the house itself; for it is neither beautiful nor very old. But we are glad for the sake of the people who might have lived there if the Parsonage had not become a museum. Surely no house was ever less fit to be a home. Even in the slums there are clean, cheerful, glowing homes to be found, homes made out of poor rooms by brave East End mothers. But no one could drive the shadows out of Haworth, or live there without thinking of the unhappy Brontë children.

### Children's Cheerless Study

Jane Eyre was, of course, Charlotte Brontë. When her father became the parson of Haworth, then a lonely Yorkshire hamlet, she was only four, and her eldest sister was not yet seven. There were six little children. Almost at once their mother fell ill, and the little seven-year-old Maria became mother to the rest, keeping them quiet in a tiny, fireless, toyless room called the children's study, and taking them for walks over the grey moors. Soon the mother died, and one by one the children followed her. The first to go was Maria, but she lived long enough to go to school and be ill-used there, for she is the Helen Burns of Jane Eyre.

The parsonage was described by Charlotte's friend, Mrs. Gaskell, as an oblong eight-roomed house of stone with flagged floors striking chill and a dreary outlook upon crowded grave-stones. She says Haworth was built without any regard for sanitation, and that the wells must have been poisoned. From the mason's shop near the parsonage there came constantly the sound of someone chipping away at a fresh gravestone.

### Grim Memories of Times Past

In such a home Charlotte and Emily Brontë grew up and wrote their famous poems and novels. It was made even more dreary than it might have been by their father's habit of taking his meals alone in his study.

Fame came to Charlotte at last, and love; but she would not leave her father, and only one year after her marriage she died in the parsonage and followed the other children to the grave.

Doubtless the parsonage has been improved since her days, but still we cannot think of it as a fit place to be a home. We are glad to know that no other children will live in that grim house with a churchyard on two sides of it, and its memories of six tiny children whispering in a room without a fireplace so as not to disturb a dying mother.

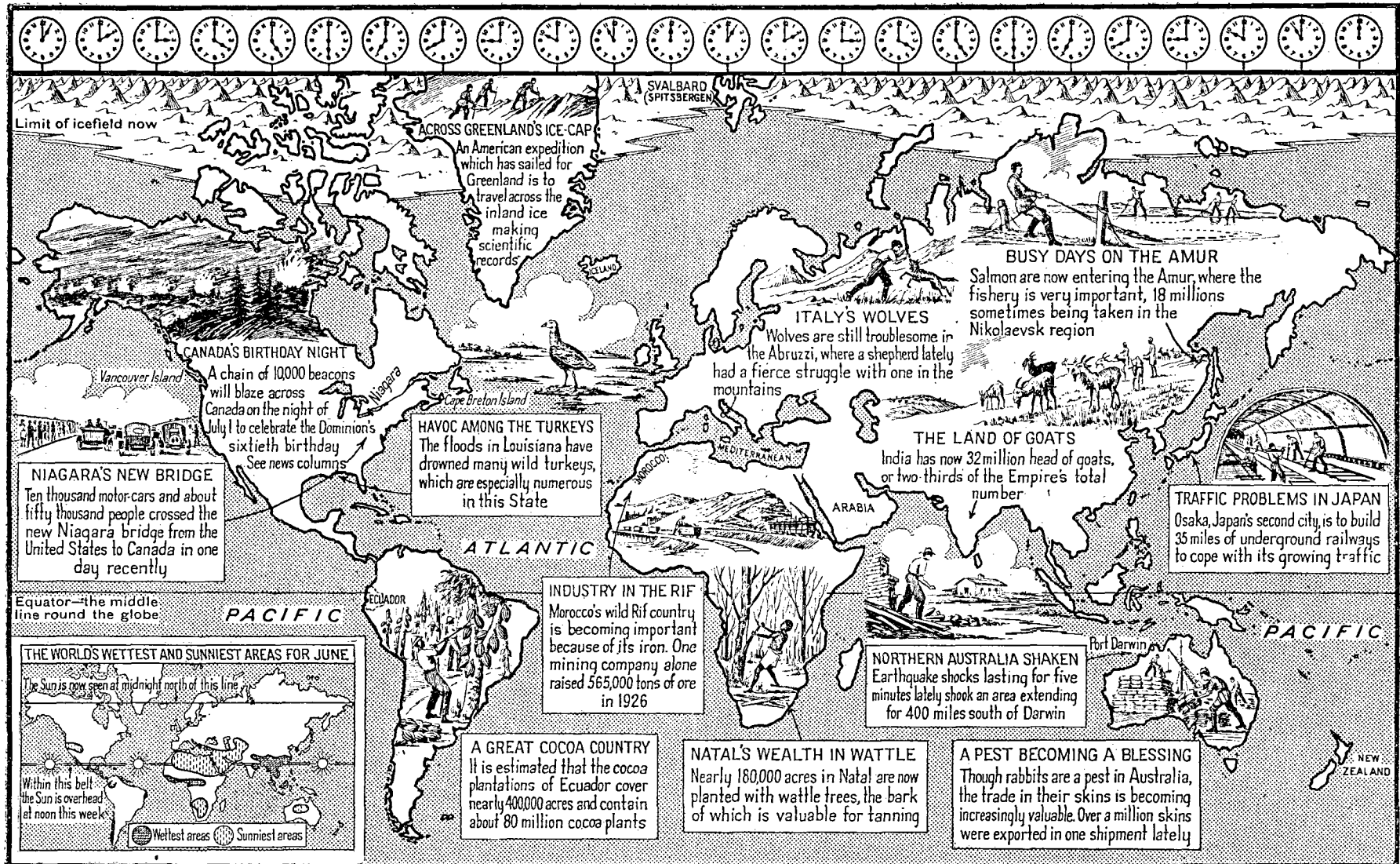
### Where Jane Eyre was Written

The Brontë Society will house its valuable collection in the parsonage, and the 10,000 people who visit Haworth for the sake of Charlotte and Emily every year will be able to see the rooms where Jane Eyre was written, where the sisters walked up and down discussing their work in the dark to save candles, and where they made bread and swept floors to save the old servant Tabby.

With Sir James Roberts's offer of Haworth Parsonage the Society has received another valuable gift. Mr. H. Bonneli of Philadelphia has died and bequeathed to the Society his collection of Brontë manuscripts. More than ever book-lovers will flock to Haworth.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## 20 YEARS OF FLYING

### What Will Another Twenty Bring?

The world has been thrilled by the amazing flights of Lindbergh and Chamberlin from New York to Europe, and more than one writer in the grown-up papers has ventured the opinion that, although the North Atlantic has been crossed three times by aeroplane, we are still a long way off from the day when a regular transatlantic service will be in operation. But is that day so very far off?

It is little more than twenty years since aeroplanes were making hops of a few yards at a time and then only on perfectly calm days. And today Europe, America, and many parts of Africa and the East are covered by regularly operating aeroplanes carrying passengers, mails, and goods; the aeroplane is being used to survey little-known regions in many lands; it is helping on the life of the world in a hundred ways.

In My Magazine for July, now on sale everywhere, is a most interesting article telling of the amazing progress of the Flying Age.

## A VILLAGE WITH BRAINS

### Electricity for All

We hear a lot about electricity from water power, but we hardly expected to find cottages in country villages using electric cookers and village carpenters using electric saws.

Yet that is what is to be found at Llanuwchllyn, a little village of less than a thousand inhabitants among the hills of Merionethshire.

It has a power station in a hut on the hillside which only requires a weekly visit with an oil-can to keep it going, and electricity is supplied at 4d. a unit for lighting and three halfpence a unit for power.

It is not surprising that Llanuwchllyn is flourishing exceedingly, and has five banks in the main street.

## EMPIRE PICTURES FOR ALL

### The Marketing Board and its Art Gallery

It is good to know that over seven thousand applications were promptly received from all parts of Britain for the splendid sets of posters offered to the schools by the Empire Marketing Board, which has now an excellent art gallery to its credit.

These beautiful pictures may now be had by the general public by sending a shilling for a copy to the Stationery Office, Shepherdess Walk, N.1, and a fine Empire Map may be had for 1s. 6d.

It is interesting to see, by the way, that Oxford has withdrawn its ban on posters. Posters, as the Marketing Board pictures show so admirably, may be things of beauty, and we hope the Oxford authorities mean to see to it that only beautiful posters shall appear in that beautiful city.

## A WHALE ON THE WIRE

### Why the Telegraph Stopped

Telegraphic communication between the United States and Alaska was suddenly interrupted a few weeks ago, and a cable ship which was sent to investigate discovered a twenty-ton whale attached to the twisted and broken strands of the cable. The whale had broken the submarine telegraph line at a depth of 600 fathoms!

It is said to be 22 years ago since a whale interfered with a submarine cable.

## Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 238	Aberdeen . . . 2.59 ins.
Total rainfall 1.10 ins.	Edinburgh . . . 2.16 ins.
Wet days . . . 8	Holyhead . . . 1.14 ins.
Dry days . . . 23	Cranwell . . . 0.90 ins.
Warmest days 4th, 6th	Dublin . . . 0.82 ins.
Coldest day . . . 27th	Southampton 0.51 ins.

## TURKEY WILL HAVE A NEW CAPITAL

### Constantinople's Rival

President Kemal is building himself a new capital, as the Emperor Constantine built himself a new capital. Angora is to supersede Constantinople as Constantinople was to supersede Rome sixteen centuries ago.

But Rome survived the change, and Constantinople will survive also.

The new Angora is to be built on the most up-to-date lines of the European town-planners. The Prefect of Angora has made a tour of Europe. He has visited Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Liège, Berne, Geneva, Lausanne, and the rebuilt war areas of France and Belgium; and now return visits to Angora are being paid by experts. When they have made their plans an umpire will choose among them.

The final plan is expected in two years, and meanwhile building is proceeding on an old one. The building is to take 50 or 60 years.

## HERO BILL

Bill is a dog belonging to a boarding-school for girls at Mbereshi, Central Africa, and he has been covering himself with glory.

The children had gone out to gather firewood, and Bill was with them when a leopard suddenly appeared. Bill flew at it, and there was a terrible fight. Bill was shockingly clawed, but succeeded in driving the leopard off. Then, in spite of his wounds, he shepherd the children home, and watched over them as they bathed in the stream.

He was exhausted when they got home and could only wag his tail feebly as they washed his wounds. But he was himself again in a day or two, and his mistress believes he would tackle a lion if occasion arose.

## THE 100,000 ACCIDENTS AT CHARING CROSS

### The Wonderful Place That Attends to Them

At Charing Cross, the busiest centre of the busiest city in the world, there are a hundred thousand accidents for treatment every year, and the work is done at Charing Cross Hospital.

It is a very curious fact that of the hundred thousand people to whom accidents occur only two in every five are Londoners; the rest come from all over the country.

The hospital is splendidly equipped with the newest and best appliances: it has paid off debts of £120,000, but it has not enough room. There is another hospital next door which is moving elsewhere, and Charing Cross Hospital wants £100,000 to buy the site and build an extension there.

It has been asking for the £100,000 for over a year, and has got a good deal of it, but it still wants more before its ambition of larger service can be achieved. The C.N. hopes that at least a hundred of its readers will send this famous House of Healing, the refuge of all who meet with an accident at the busiest corner of the world, a little token of goodwill.

## OUR LOST ACRES

### Why Not Use Them?

Britain is a small country with a big population, which seems a good reason why she should not waste her space.

A Royal Commission is sitting to see whether we cannot add to our resources by land drainage, and already it has discovered that there are 1,750,000 acres which could be improved by drainage.

We have now just over 30 million acres of land under cultivation in England, Scotland, and Wales. Thus the reclamation of these undrained areas would actually increase our available agricultural land by nearly a sixteenth.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 25 1927

## The Sun is Going Out

WE are all waiting to see the Sun put out. It will be strange to see him go.

At this very moment the little Moon, the David of the heavenly hosts, is hastening to its encounter with the Sun, the Goliath of the skies. At the appointed hour, punctual to the second, the Moon will interpose its body like a shield between us and the flaming bulk of the Sun, whose fierceness will be subdued till it is covered with darkness as with a cloak.

And then? Why, then the Sun and Moon, like Tweedledum and Tweedledee who fought so fierce a battle, will extricate themselves from the line of conflict and go each about its proper business, the Sun beaming with benevolence and the Moon lighting our ways and regulating our tides. Nobody will be a penny the worse which cannot be said of most earthly conflicts.

On the contrary, we are inclined to think that everybody may be a little the better. The Sun and Moon have met in this way perhaps a million times since men first looked up from the Earth to see the wondrous sight; but so mysterious is the sight, and so bound up are our lives and minds with the shining of the Sun, that even this June 29 of 1927 we shall not be able to watch its eclipse without a thrill of awe. Grave astronomers who have watched other eclipses say that a strange sense of peril descends on the onlookers, for all Nature is hushed, the birds stop singing, the air is filled with an unearthly chill. To the Stone Age men it must have seemed the coming of the Last Day.

But we can look at it differently. The feeling of awe will remain with us, but mingled with it is the divine desire to know and understand the why and wherefore of such things. When the shield of the Moon entirely covers the face of the Sun there flashes out on every side at the moment of eclipse the shining glory of the Sun's corona. A poet of the Victorian Era once asked what was the finest sight in the world, and replied that it was a Coronation. The most wondrous sight that any of us can behold in a lifetime is certainly this Coronation of the Sun. If we could rightly understand its Why and Wherefore some of the greatest problems would be solved.

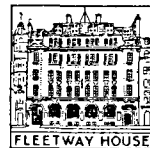
That is how science surveys the eclipse, but humbler folk may look at it with awe and wonder and gratitude, seeing in it the promise that knowledge shall more and more unfold, and that the recurring light of the Sun shall neither falter nor fail while man lives on the Earth. We know that while the Earth remaineth Summer and Winter, Day and Night, shall not cease.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Comrades

WHILE the great Rotary Conference was sitting (the conference of business men of goodwill) a tradesman in a northern town sent us an account of an example of business comradeship which deserves to be widely known.

A commercial traveller who was much respected became very ill, and was laid aside for what seemed likely to be a considerable period. His fellow-travellers, numbering ten or twelve, arranged that each would take daily a share of the sick man's work, so that his salary should still reach his wife and family regularly.

A most sound example, asking for imitation; but it ought not to be a rarity.

Is it not one of the good things worth sending round the world? It comes from Yorkshire, where so many good things come from.

## News About Livingstone

DAVID LIVINGSTONE is one of our best-loved heroes, and the world is still eager for news that concerns his memory in any way. We hear tidings from two quarters.

From Scotland we hear that children who attend Sunday Schools have subscribed over £750 to the memorial fund which was raised to purchase Livingstone's birthplace.

From North-East Rhodesia we hear that his grandchildren carry on fine work among the natives at Tchimambo.

The Scots boy who went to work in a factory at the age of ten laid down his life for the Africans, but his work did not end with his life. Perhaps no fine work ever is ended in that way. Once such work is begun there will always be someone to take the torch, and to carry on the march.

## Captain Mother

SOMEONE has just paid this very fine tribute to mothers:

Who would sail in a cross-Channel steamer if the Captain only saw the ship off on her leaving port and met her on her return? A woman is as necessary in her home as a captain in his ship, though neither may perform actual labour.

It is true that there was hardly ever a happy home that was not the work of a good mother, and being a good mother is a whole-time business. Those who have good mothers rarely guess all the anxious thought and planning they put into their work, for they radiate nothing but happiness. Those who have selfish mothers, the kind who kiss us good-night and good-morning and think only of their own amusement for the rest of the time, are starting on life's voyage under the same terrible disadvantage as a ship without a captain.

Not to be ashamed of a fault is to commit it twice over. Publius Syrus

## The American Language

IT has been said that the greatest stumbling-block in the way of Anglo-American friendship is the English language. The two nations use it, but often the same word will have a different meaning for each of them, and so misunderstandings arise.

We have just heard of an American lady who complained of one shop-keeper's prejudice against foreign customers, saying she had seen a notice at a Bond Street shop inscribed: "Travellers seen only by appointment between 10 and 11."

So she would not go in! If she had, she would have discovered that tourists are welcomed with open arms, while only commercial travellers calling for orders and laden with samples are restricted to early hours.

## Tip-Cat

GOOD pictures are said to be like good friends. But that is not why we hang them.

PEOPLE take shorter holidays than they used to. Can't afford to make long ones any longer.

CHARLES I would be forgotten, it is said, if his head had not been cut off. But the nation did not adopt that course as an aid to memory.

Peter Puck<sup>2</sup> Wants to Know

If the Heir Apparent has half a crown

ONE of the chief topics of the day is health. Yet nobody talks of it except those who have none.

COATS, this season, are likely to be cut shorter.

But in these hard times most men will wear them as long as ever.

THERE are said to be very few good saxophone players. Most of them seem to play bad ones.

## The Song of the Sun

The Sun is going out for a second or two over a great belt of our Motherland. It is worth while to spend a few seconds in reading these lines about our wondrous globe of fire.

Above the edge of dark appear the lances of the Sun;  
Along the mountain ridges clear his rosy heralds run;  
The vapours down the valley go,  
Like broken armies, dark and low.  
Look up, my heart, from every hill  
In folds of rose and daffodil  
The sunrise banners flow.

Oh, fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of night!

Oh, welcome, little birds that sing the coming-in of light!

For new, and new, and ever new,  
The golden bud within the blue;  
And every morning seems to say:  
*There's something happy on the way,  
And God sends love to you!*

Dr. Van Dyke

## Saving Up

The nation's savings in these hard years have astonished all who know the facts.

BOBBY has a money-box .  
On which he keeps his eye ;  
Therein thrifty Bobby-boy  
Puts all his pennies by ;  
Saving up is Bobby-boy,  
And when he's one-and-twenty  
He'll crack that precious money-box

And whistle in his plenty.

BILLY has another box,  
Not made of wood or tin,  
Head it's called, and there he pops  
Bright thoughts and knowledge in;  
Saving up is Billy-boy  
And when he's quite an old 'un,  
He'll have a million gracious thoughts  
To keep him young and golden.

SAVING up is Bobby-boy,  
And saving up is Billy.

One's the wiser of the two,  
But neither boy is silly.

## Moysheh Oyved and His Old Counter

THERE is a jeweller in Holborn who deals in gems of thought as well as pearls and rubies and lapis lazuli. He is Edward Good, of the Cameo Corner, but when he writes he calls himself by his Hebrew pen-name of Moysheh Oyved, "Moses the Servant."

He is a little man, with a soft and kind face, from which a pair of soft eyes beam out upon the world, and he has countless friends, Christians as well as Jews, people of high station as well as humble folk. The Queen has been to his little shop more than once, and bought gems there.

But his other gems of poetry and philosophy he makes into books. You may often see him at work, scribbling down his ideas in Yiddish into an exercise book between the visits of customers, and then translating it all into English. Of the quaint old counter at which he has done most of his writing this is what he says in his latest volume on "Gems and Life."

That counter—if it could have spoken! It might have had myriads of tales to tell of empty days and dusty hours, and worthless futilities, all of which it saw through its rubbed away plate-glass. Also, it might have told of wonderful miracles; of the hundreds of young couples its rings had betrothed; of the hearts its cameos had rejoiced; of the many throats its beads had caused to sing without music; of the fingers its rings had inspired to play without instruments.

Surely forests are envious of that counter; they stretch out their arms and pray, clad and naked, to have such counters sawn out of them. Surely it knows half the best and worst Yiddish writers, and countless beautiful souls of Great Britain, and all those who came in to me sorrowing and went out rejoicing; broken, and went out healed.

Surely it has frozen with me and burned with me, in the cold and in the heat; and it knows my lukewarm secrets.

What a counter! And what a jeweller, who can so dignify his trade with beauty and make the day's work worthy of eternal memories!



## DRAGON EXPLORERS TELL THEIR STORY THE QUEER INHABITANTS OF KOMODO

How the Giant Lizard Was  
Caught in a Trap

### 15 HUNTERS OF MALAYSIA

A good deal has been heard lately of the giant lizards in Komodo, one of the Lesser Sunda Islands in Malaysia. The first description of these creatures was given by P. A. Ouwens in 1912, and since then fantastic reports of their size and habits have been in circulation.

Last year a small expedition acting on behalf of the American Museum of Natural History visited Komodo, and was successful in securing several "dragons," both dead and alive. The museum explorers have now told their story to the world.

#### Lizard Ten Feet Long

The Rajah of Sumbawa provided the expedition with 15 Malay hunters, and these, with the American explorers, landed at Komodo last June. The island is of volcanic origin, and possesses many rugged peaks and much jungle rich in game of considerable variety.

Soon after the explorers arrived they saw a gigantic lizard, ten feet long, slowly making its way down the side of a mountain. The reptile made a remarkable picture, a primeval monster in a primeval setting. Though these creatures are almost deaf their sight is keen, and they have remarkable powers. The biggest (which often weigh as much as 250 pounds) are capable of swallowing the hindquarters of a deer at one gulp.

#### Like the Tyrannosaurus

After choosing a suitable camping site the expedition started operations, and as soon as bait had been put down, in the form of dead animals, a number of lizards put in an appearance. They were watched from behind grass screens, and it was noticed that the smaller creatures approached the bait first, but quickly ran off on the arrival of some of their bigger brethren. Whenever the small fry ran off it was a certain sign that a big lizard was in the vicinity, and suddenly from behind a tree a great black head with beady eyes would make its appearance.

For a while it would remain absolutely motionless; only the hawk-like eyes would move, peering grimly from under bony eyebrows, while they surveyed every inch of the surrounding territory. Then, assured of safety, the beast would lower its head, and, with its long, yellow tongue constantly darting forth, would move ponderously toward the bait. As it walked the impression it gave was of tremendous weight and strength. When it is eating, its long, sharp claws are used for scraping and tearing, while its thin, sharp teeth rip off chunks of the meat. With its jaws buried in the food and its neck curved forward the creature bears a remarkable resemblance to the long extinct creature known as the tyrannosaurus.

#### A Thrilling Capture

As the expedition was anxious to capture live examples of the great lizards it was decided to construct a trap for this purpose. A boar was shot and secured to the ground, and heavy stakes were driven in all round the bait with the exception of one side, which was left open, the whole trap being carefully camouflaged with leaves and branches. A noose attached to a live tree was then arranged, and the party took their places behind grass screens to await developments.

By and by the explorers saw an immense and villainous-looking lizard heading straight for the bait. The creature was very black in colour, its

## THE BARBER AND THE CALENDAR

CONSTANTINE CAROUGANIDES is a barber of Athens who is slow to think but swift to act. Having brooded for four years over the change in the date of Easter, which the Greek Archbishop Chrysostomas and the Holy Synod sanctioned in 1923, he determined to take the prelate's beard in his own scissors.

Consequently, as the Archbishop, who is also Metropolitan of Athens and President of the Holy Synod, was entering St. Constantine's Cathedral on his way to service between Easter and Whitsun he was met by the orthodox barber, scissors in hand. But the Metropolitan, though a man of peace, is a muscular Christian, and beat off the barber, felling him to the ground with the archiepiscopal arm.

Constantine the barber is now in prison, reflecting on the unkind fate of those who, like the cow in front of George Stephenson's locomotive, stand

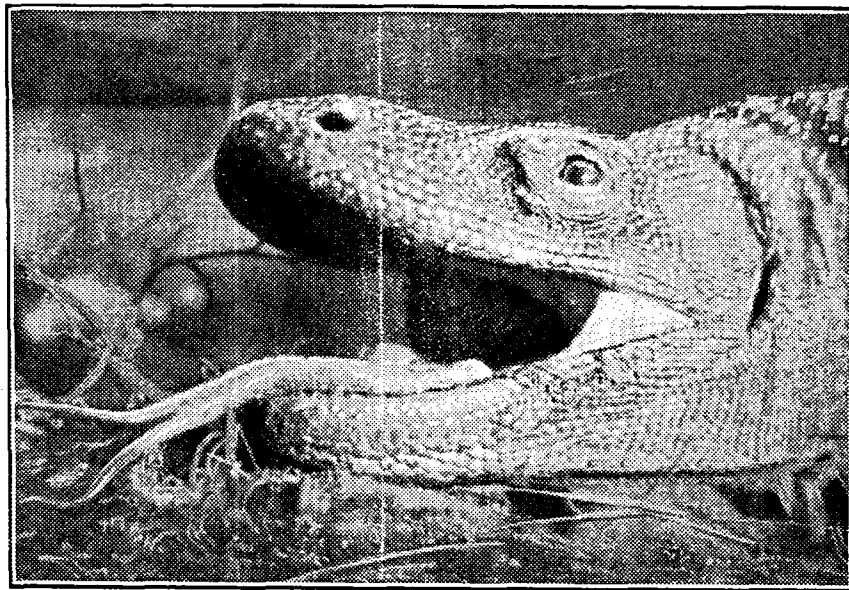
in the way of change. We may sympathise with him. There are rumours that the variable date of Easter which in England we have known so long is to be pinned down to a fixed day, and some of us may wish it could be left alone. But though we may grumble, as some people still complain about Summer Time, we shall not throw stones at the windows of Lambeth Palace.

The barber's enthusiasm for the Julian Calendar, and his disgust for archbishops who forgot the traditions of good old Julius Caesar, and substituted for his calendar the new-fangled one of Pope Gregory, who made it in 1582, may seem extreme. Yet we may remember that in the days of good King George II there was almost as much feeling about the change, and the Ministers of State were followed by crowds who threw stones at their coaches and demanded back their eleven days!

## DRAGONS OF THE EAST INDIES



The wife of one of the explorers examines a dead lizard



The head of a giant lizard, showing its snake-like tongue

The full story has now been told of the American expedition which went to the island of Komodo in the East Indies to study the extraordinary giant lizards that live there. These reptiles resemble the great extinct dragons of prehistoric times. Two living and several dead specimens were secured by the explorers. See this page

bony armour was scarred and blistered, and half its tail was missing. It was very wary and suspicious. It put its nose almost in the noose and then quickly withdrew it, while it inspected everything closely, its snaky tongue in constant motion.

Then, all at once, it walked quite boldly straight up to the opening of the trap, stepped through the noose, and seized the bait. The release string was pulled, and the great creature catapulted into the air. After tremendous struggles it was lassoed, roped to a pole, and taken back in triumph to the camp, where it was untied and placed in a special cage. This cage had a large airhole at the top, which had been covered with the strongest steel netting, yet the next morning the explorers

found that the netting had been nipped off and the reptile had disappeared.

The dragon-lizards of Komodo are of great scientific interest. It is supposed that, living on an island, they have not been subjected to much competition in the struggle for existence, and so have developed to a great size unknown elsewhere. The skin of these reptiles forms a veritable coat of mail, each scale having under it a plate of bone.

It is also of interest to note that these lizards represent the group from which snakes were evolved, which accounts for their snake-like appearance, mobile head, and long, forked tongue. There is no doubt that they are extremely ferocious, as it is on record that one of them attacked a horse, and so wounded it that it had to be shot.

## WHAT THE NATIONS MUST DO

### HOW TO GET THE WORLD STRAIGHT

#### The Promising Results of the Great Geneva Conference EVERYBODY'S CHANCE

The League of Nations has published at a shilling the Final Report of the Economic Conference, summaries of whose conclusions have appeared in the C.N. The Report opens with the fine closing address by the President of the Conference, M. Theunis, of Belgium. We give some stirring passages from it.

The Conference has had at its disposal information accumulated by the co-operation of distinguished experts and of both official and private organisations throughout the world, remarkable alike for its range, its fullness, and its authority. The Conference has been no less notable in its composition: 194 members, attended by 157 experts, from 50 countries in all quarters of the globe, have agreed on a body of far-reaching recommendations.

#### Economic Conflicts the Danger

It has been concerned not only with the prosperity but with the peace of the world. Economic conflicts are perhaps the most serious and the most permanent of all the dangers which are likely to threaten the peace of the world. No machinery can be relied upon to maintain peace if the economic policies of the world so develop as to create deep divergencies of economic interest between different masses of the world's population and a sense of intolerable injury and injustice. No task is more urgent or vital than that of securing agreement on principles of policy.

Eight years of experience have shown that, except in the actual fields of conflict, the dislocation caused by the war was immensely more serious than the actual destruction. The main trouble now is neither material shortage in the resources of Nature nor inadequacy in man's power to exploit them. The main obstacles to economic revival have been the hindrances opposed to the free flow of labour, capital, and goods.

#### The Solidarity of Mankind

It is essential that nations should take steps forthwith to reverse or diminish those tariff barriers which gravely hamper trade, starting with those which have been imposed to counteract the disturbances arising from the war. It is essential that a renewed sense of security should reduce the burden of armaments. Without confidence in the continued peace of the world prosperity cannot possibly be attained.

The Conference has completed the first stage of laying down the principles; and in doing so we have been inspired by the great and fruitful idea of the dependence of nations upon one another. At every stage in our discussions the solidarity of mankind has appeared more significant.

#### Popular Support Needed

We have striven hard to make it easier for the masses to improve the material and moral conditions of their life, but our work cannot prove effective unless the peoples of the world themselves give our recommendations their support. Our success will depend on the measure of our perseverance.

After the terrible calamity experienced by Europe, the results of which have been felt throughout the world, we cannot expect that order will be restored as if by enchantment; but, whether the fruits of our labours are gathered by ourselves or by those who succeed us, we are animated by the firm determination to unite our efforts to those of friends who share our hopes, our enthusiasm, and our ideals. We know that the time will come when mankind will be the happier for our work, and that alone will enable us to be proud of what we have done.



## MANY HAPPY RETURNS TO CANADA RINGING IN THE JUBILEE

The Great Dominion and Its Sixtieth Birthday

### BIG BEN OF OTTAWA

The boys and girls of Canada are looking forward to a wonderful time on the First of July, the Diamond Jubilee day of Canadian Federation.

One of the great facts of the celebrations is that Canada's Big Ben is to be heard for the first time.

A new carillon has been installed in the Victory Memorial Tower of the House of Parliament at Ottawa, and the first peal, ringing in the Jubilee, is to be rung by the King, by an electrical signal from London. It is intended to broadcast the peal all over Canada and other parts of the Empire, so that it will be heard by millions outside Ottawa.

### Made in England

The Canadian carillon has been made at Croydon by Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, and when members of the Empire Parliamentary Association visited the famous bell foundry to inspect it they found a placard set up against one of the great steel frameworks which read:

Ottawa Parliamentary Buildings  
The World's Greatest Carillon of 53 Bells  
Weight of Bass Bell 10 tons

The larger the bell, the lower the tone. The big bass (called the Bourdon Bell after its first French maker) has a diameter of 100 inches, and gives the note E. The weight of its clapper is nearly a quarter of a ton, and of the clock hammer, which strikes it, just a quarter. The smallest bell of all is the one whose note is A; it weighs only 12 pounds, and has a diameter of seven inches.

### Bells of Belgium

The carillon has a range of notes providing a much wider scope for tunes and harmonies than any carillon in English belfries, few of which have more than one octave, in one key only. Manchester Town Hall has one of the finest, with 21 bells, compassing two octaves.

Mechanical ringing, effected by a system of wires connected with small hammers striking the bells on the outside and worked with a keyboard resembling that of an organ, is much more common on the Continent than in England (where ringing by hand has developed), especially in Belgium and Flanders, where the carillon was invented. The carillon in the fine old belfries of Bruges and Louvain contain 40 bells each, and that of Mechlin 44, while the chimes of Notre Dame at Antwerp number in all more than 80 bells.

### Inside the Belfry

The tower in which the new carillon is to be fixed, together with an electrically-operated Westminster Quarter Clock, is 300 feet high, and from the ground to the centre of the clock faces is 209 feet.

Inside the belfry a great steel framework is erected rising to a height of 91 feet, weighing 12 tons, which will support the bells—the 47 treble and middle register bells in the upper portion of the belfry; then the hand clavier, whose wooden manuals and pedals are connected directly with the clappers; and underneath the clavier, the massive steel frame supporting the six heaviest bells. Below these heaviest bells is placed the machinery for striking the hours and for chiming the Westminster quarters.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Abruzzi . . . . . Ah-broot-see  
Attila . . . . . At-til-ah  
Ferrara . . . . . Fer-rah-rah  
Mantegna . . . . . Mahn-tane-yah  
Siegen . . . . . Zee-gen

## THE LITTER LOUT

### What Shall be Done With Him?

## THE BOTTLE-THROWER'S HOLIDAY

It is time the Litter Lout was taken seriously in hand. For days, and even for weeks, after every Bank Holiday, and every summer Monday as well, parks and commons are a disgraceful sight after he has been to them.

Yet the police could quickly cure it if they would. A few prosecutions in each town and district, with smart fines, well advertised, should work wonders. Those who leave bottles in public places, still more the really wicked people who amuse themselves by smashing bottles and leaving the broken glass for others to tread on, should be imprisoned without the option of a fine.

What are we to think of a civilisation in which people allow themselves to leave broken bottles on the running

### Just Beyond Our Horizon

There is one thought predominant in the minds of all who love our country and rural districts.

We look back on the countless centuries which have made this Island the most beautiful in the world. Then came Man, with his industrial revolution, and we have covered parts of the country with dirt, smoke, and poverty. For 150 years the fight has been going against those who would make the country clean and wholesome.

Now we have called in science to our aid, and electricity is going to be its handmaiden. Clean towns and happier rural districts are lying just beyond the horizon if we put our backs into developing this great power.

I hope many here today will live to hear little children of Dudley ask their teachers, *What was the Black Country?* THE PRIME MINISTER

ground of a racecourse, where they know that a horse must pass? Yet even on park and common and seashore they do this cruel thing, imperilling not only horses but children. We hear that three hundredweight of broken glass as well as five tons of rubbish was removed from the Zoo after a holiday week-end.

After last Derby Day Epsom Downs looked as if it wore a snow cap, and against every fence and building were deep drifts of paper. The course was trodden hard by people who could quite easily have avoided it, and it is said that it will take an army of men till October to clear the litter and get the course in order again. No wonder the authorities wish their sporting public would be more sporting.

## A SHEPHERD AND A MINER

### The Age of Opportunity

Two Welshmen of humble origin have just become Cabinet Ministers in Australian State Governments.

One is Mr. W. Davies, who emigrated as a working miner twelve years ago, and has now been appointed Minister of Education for New South Wales while still in his thirties. He has been a member of the State Parliament for ten years.

The other Welsh Australian Cabinet Minister is Mr. J. P. Jones, who was formerly a shepherd, and is now a member of the Victoria Cabinet.

## A SHEPHERD'S FIGHT WITH A WOLF

### Thrilling Story From the Mountains

A village in the wild Abruzzi mountains of Italy has been honouring a heroic son who fought and beat a she-wolf single-handed.

The wolf had been ravaging the flocks of the whole neighbourhood, and nobody could catch her. At last a young shepherd set out to track her down. Armed only with an axe and a knife, he penetrated deep into the forest, but could not find her.

As he was giving up the search he came across her lair. She was not there, but there were eight little cubs, and these the shepherd put into a sack. As the last of them was secured, the mother returned and flew at the shepherd's throat. He knocked her down with a blow from his axe, but she came on again and again, and they fought till both were at the point of collapse.

Suddenly the wolf gave up the fight and fled, while the man staggered home with her young family on his back.

## THERE WILL BE NO ZOO

### A Good Decision

It was proposed that a zoo should be founded at Withdean, Brighton, but after the authorities had considered the matter they decided against it. They have just announced that there will be no zoo.

All Nature lovers will be glad of this wise decision. It is very difficult indeed to keep a wild animal well and happy in captivity, and it is essential that he should have roomy quarters designed to suit his needs. The Zoo at Regent's Park is constantly improving and enlarging, but a small provincial zoo would not be able to do this. In small zoos the animals are usually crowded into small quarters, and they look surly and ill. The people of Withdean have decided that they would rather have no zoo than a bad zoo, and the decision does honour to their common sense and their humanity.

## TWO DOORS

### Open and Shut

Two doors have come into the news during the past few days, or perhaps we should say a door and a gate. One has long been shut, the other is open.

One is brought into the news by the death of a Scottish landowner through whose estates Prince Charles Edward passed in 1745, when the gates were closed with a vow that they would never be opened until the Stuarts are back on the throne!

The door that is open is the door of a house at Tankersley, near Barnsley, where a boy left home in 1903 and has never returned. His mother has never locked the door since; it is always open for her son should he come back.

## FLOATING POWER-MAKER

### Electricity From a River

An Austrian engineer has made a wonderful machine which floats on the water and makes electricity from the power of the river flowing beneath it.

A conical-shaped tube is submerged in the water between two large floats, and at the narrow end of the tube is a water wheel, which drives a small dynamo fixed on a platform above the water. Such a small and easily movable installation generated 12 horse-power when tried on the Danube recently, and as the result many of these little units are likely to come into use where there is a strong stream, both for country house lighting and agricultural power.

## PEACE REIGNS AT AGGIUS

### The Good Bishop and His Flock

## DRAMATIC EVENT IN A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

One of the worst customs still existing in half-civilised lands is the vendetta, and it is unpleasantly vigorous in Sardinia, where feuds last from generation to generation.

A vendetta had flourished for four years in the mountain village of Aggius. A sheepowner was struck down with a scythe at sunset, and he died before he could give his murderer's name. On the vaguest suspicion, and in face of an alibi, the husband of his niece was marked down for revenge. After a second murder, though one man was acquitted, another was given the terrible sentence of 33 years' imprisonment. Yet still the frightful feud continued.

### The Duty of Forgiveness

Then the Bishop intervened. He called the whole village to the church and commanded the 15 chief men on each side of the quarrel to stand in file on each side of the aisle, and preached them a sermon on the duty of forgiveness. Then, approaching them with the Cross, he demanded of each in turn if he was ready to make peace with his enemies.

Each answered, according to ancient ritual, with a loud-voiced Yes. "Kiss first the Cross and then your enemies," said the Bishop, and each man did as the Bishop bade him. Then, in double file, they marched to the home of a woman who had been accused without evidence as an accomplice in one of the murders.

Dressed wholly in black, the woman received the thirty and embraced them one by one, tears rolling down her cheeks. So the vendetta was ended, and peace reigns again at Aggius.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

An Australian farm reports a radish just under three feet long.

Five million young eels have been sent from the Severn to restock German lakes and rivers.

A needle with some cotton attached was found in an egg laid by a hen on a West Auckland farm.

### A Boy and a Stone

A young roseate tern, marked at Tern Island, Massachusetts, last July, has been found killed in Trinidad, stoned by a boy.

### The Prince's New House

Vitaglass, to admit the Sun's ultra-violet rays, is to replace coloured glass in the windows of the Prince of Wales's workroom at Marlborough House.

### Making a Heartbeat Boom

Pennsylvania University has been equipped with an electric stethoscope capable of magnifying heartbeats to sound like the booming of far-off cannon.

### A Strange Accident

A horse jumped over a hedge near Bridlington and came down on the top of a motor-cyclist, who was taken unconscious to the hospital.

### The Travelling Thrush

A thrush has built its nest on the electric light apparatus under a railway carriage which travels daily between Callander and Glasgow.

### A Very Little Church

Glyncollwng Church, Talybont-on-Usk, which has been restored, measures 24 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 6 inches, and is said to be the smallest in Wales.

### The Rockefeller Millions

Mr. Rockefeller has added £322,000 to the £145,000 he gave for the restoration of Rheims Cathedral and the upkeep of the palaces of Versailles and Fontainebleau.

### A Pigeon Mystery

The disappearance of racing pigeons in the Isle of Wight has been explained by the discovery of a quantity of numbered pigeon rings below the nests of hawks on Chale Cliffs.



## PRAIRIE BROTHERHOOD

### A Little Village Sets a Great Example

#### FOUR SECTS IN ONE CHURCH

Otterburn in the Old Country is famous for a struggle between James Douglas and Harry Hotspur; Otterburne in Canada is establishing a very different claim to fame.

That tiny prairie town includes among its citizens, besides Roman Catholics, a number of Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, but there is only one Protestant and one Catholic Church there. The joining-up of Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists in all parts of the Dominion as a United Church of Canada has given these prairie dwellers an idea. All four sects in the town are joining in the use of the one Protestant Church.

And they are having not three or four different services in it but one, which all of them attend. For a year the Anglicans have had charge of both church and services. These have been according to the Anglican Prayer Book, and the others have heartily joined in.

Now it is the turn of the Baptists. The Prayer Book has been discarded for the present, and the Free Church form of service adopted instead. A year hence it will be the turn of one or other of the two remaining sects.

What will come of it all? It will be extraordinarily interesting to see.

## NOT FOR SALE

### The Old Grocer's Memories

Time was when the good citizens of London lived over their shops, were born and died there, and left the business to their children. There are some of them left.

One such lives in Bell Yard, Gracechurch Street, and his is the oldest grocer's shop in the City. He has sold candles and groceries there for over fifty years, as his father did before him, and as his father's uncle did and his uncle's uncle.

That takes the business back to 1716, when old William Haseldine founded it. From William it passed to Daniel, and from Daniel, still keeping in the family, to the Bedford who had married into it. To a Bedford it belongs still, and he has refused to sell it.

Banks and big business houses round about it crowd the old grocer's little shop, but they cannot crowd out old Mr. Bedford, who is now over seventy. No wonder. When the shutters are closed and stillness falls on the City, he can sit there, where his fathers and his great uncles lived and died and bought and sold, had their happiness and enjoyed content.

Money cannot buy memories. Perhaps the old grocer can imagine that at night their shades still stir about the shop, pricing the groceries and candles. When the time comes for him to join them he might like to think that he had kept house for them as long as he could.

## PART OF OUR VILLAGE

### An Interesting Sale

Part of Our Village is to be sold. Nearly everyone knows Miss Mitford's quaint volume, and if young people find it a little uneventful older folk love its peaceful picture of country life as it was in a bygone day. When the book was published it earned the praise of such great men as Thackeray and Ruskin. The real name of Our Village was Arborfield, and now Arborfield Grange is to be sold with its 14 acres of garden and pasture. Is it "the old house at Aberleigh," or some other house? Readers must puzzle it out for themselves. One thing is certain. Miss Mitford knew the Grange, and she is almost sure to have written about it.

## A 20-YEARS FRIEND OF THE GOLDFISH

### How Not to Lose Them.

Many people have been losing their goldfish. A reader who has been studying them for 20 years sends us these notes on them.

Goldfish are the hardiest as well as the most beautiful of all cold-water fish, and when treated with a little care and common sense will repay their owners by their liveliness, grace, and cleverness.

Three things are essential for the well-being of fish of all kinds—water, air, and food; and each of these must be sufficient in quantity and of the right kind. One gallon of water should be allowed to each inch of fish, not counting the tail, and this means that the fish-globe must never be used.

These globes usually hold from one to three pints of water, and are so shaped that very little air can get to the water. Far better is an ordinary enamel wash-bowl, which is shallow and presents a large surface to the air. Better still is a tank, which can either be home-made or bought at a very reasonable price. The ideal tank should be as nearly as possible in the shape of a double cube.

### How to Prepare the Tank

Having obtained the tank the next thing is to prepare it. It is very bad for the fish to fill their home with cold water from the tap and put them straight in: the sudden change in temperature would probably give them a fatal chill. A few growing plants should be provided because, though not absolutely necessary, they are useful in helping to keep the water aerated, and the young shoots are food for the fish.

The only soil suitable for aquarium purposes is coarse washed sand. Ordinary builder's washed sand is the best, but as this contains a large quantity of fine dust it must be washed again and again until fresh water poured on it is not discoloured.

Cover the bottom of the tank with the sand to a depth of two inches, then partly fill it with water. The best way to do this is to lay a saucer on the sand and gently pour the water on the saucer, from which it will overflow and gradually cover the sand without disturbing it.

### A Quickly-Growing Plant

Having filled the tank with water to a depth of about three inches the next thing is to place the plants in position. Pick a few pieces of anacharis from a still-water pond, if possible choosing some with small shoots on them, and then clip a tiny piece of lead to the end very loosely. Drop the plant into the water at the back of the tank, and with finger and thumb gently press it into the sand, where it will take root and grow very quickly. The tank can then be filled with water to within two inches of the top. Tap water is the best that can be used. It must stand at least three days, an hour or two in the direct rays of the Sun, before the fish are put in.

### Artificial Foods

As regards food, the so-called ants' eggs are no good at all; natural food is by far the best if it can be obtained. Several firms supply portions of live daphnia, cyclops, bloodworms, and fresh-water shrimps, or they can be gathered as wanted from some ditch or pond.

Failing these natural foods, there are many artificial foods which are easily obtained—ground puppy biscuit, fine rolled oats, boiled unpolished rice, semolina, vermicelli, scrambled egg chopped fine. Do not feed too much; as much as will lay on a sixpence is quite enough for one fish two inches long a day.

Avoid all sudden changes of temperature by continually changing the water. Should the water become too green to see the fish comfortably draw off half of it and replace it with well-matured water of the same temperature, and the fish will live long and happily and grow in size and beauty.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### Peter the Grand

Peter Paul Rubens was born on June 29, 1577.

We are thinking this week of one of the greatest story-tellers in paint the world has ever known—Peter Paul Rubens. He was born of Flemish parents on June 29, 1577, at Siegen in Westphalia. When Peter was ten his father died, and his mother, anxious to do the best for her boy, sent him to a priests' college. In three years the lad managed to get the basis of a good education and learned seven languages. After school he spent a short time as page in a great lady's household, and this gave Peter his next accomplishment, good manners.

Peter's mother then let him study art in Antwerp. He grew to young manhood, making progress with his Flemish masters and painting portraits, one of them a fine picture of his mother. For some years he had been dreaming of Italy. In 1600 he put some letters of introduction to great persons in his pocket and fared forth on his travels.

### The Triumph of Julius Caesar

The revelation of Venetian painting made Rubens speechless with amazement and fired him with a great ambition. Titian died the year before Rubens was born, Tintoretto and Veronese while he was working in Antwerp. Rubens thought he would stride into the places these great ones had left empty. He got one or two commissions and began painting portraits.

One of his patrons asked him to copy a series of pictures by Andrea Mantegna representing the Triumph of Julius Caesar. Rubens's extravagant and fantastic taste led him to make certain alterations as he copied. He kept a study for one of these pictures, and when he died this item occurred in an inventory made of his possessions:

Three cloathes pasted upon bord, being the triumph of Julius Caesar, after Andrea Mantegna; not full made.

These three cloathes, after passing through several hands, were bought by the National Gallery for 1050 guineas.

### A Brilliant Personality

For eight years Rubens stayed in Italy, mainly in the service of the Duke of Mantua. He was not only becoming a great artist, but was developing a brilliant and powerful personality. He was sent by the duke as ambassador to the Court of Spain, his seven languages and good manners standing him in good stead. On several occasions during his life he played this part, once to the Court of Charles Stuart, who knighted him.

In 1608 Rubens was back in Antwerp and became Court painter to an arch-duke. He had now developed the gifts that made him one of the greatest painters of all time—a vivid imagination, a marvellous sense of colour and light and richness. He was never happier than when telling stories in paint on huge canvases. He knew nothing of restraint, was sometimes rather vulgar; but whatever he did, landscapes, home scenes, portraits, religious, historical, and allegorical subjects, all have the fling of his careless grandeur.

### His Greatest Painting

He became a prince among painters, could pick and choose his patrons. Some of his canvases he merely superintended, and for these he made a different charge. Some, among them his lovely pictures of wife and family, are all his own work, and enable us to judge how much of Rubens there was in the rest.

We have 23 pictures and several sketches by Rubens in the National Gallery. His greatest painting is supposed to be the Descent from the Cross, in Antwerp Cathedral. A great number of magnificent pictures are in Munich and the Louvre.

Rubens died, full of vigour, and still working, in 1640. He was the friend of princes and poor students alike. His best assistant, with whom he is for ever associated, was Anthony Van Dyck.

## A BEAVER LOOKS DOWN ON LONDON

### A New Visitor to the City

#### MEMORIAL OF A MIGHTY ENTERPRISE

A Beaver has come to the City, to keep company with the Grasshopper on the Royal Exchange.

High above Beaver House, 160 feet above the street level, of the Hudson's

Bay Company's new headquarters in Bishopsgate, the beaver has just been placed, in glittering copper.

Made of sheets of beaten metal, it weighs the best part of a hundredweight, yet it is so delicately balanced on its lofty

pivot that it swings round to the slightest puff of wind.

The beaver has been the symbol and badge of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay from the day when Prince Rupert and seventeen others received their trading charter from Charles the Second in 1670.

It is well over half a century now since the company surrendered to Canada its sovereignty over all the land watered by streams flowing into Hudson Bay, but it has not only continued in its original business of fur trading, but has developed a vast general trade throughout the Canadian West. Endless stories have been told of the prowess of its servants as trappers and traders in that great land of forest and prairie and river and lake and snow.

Today its capital stands at three million pounds, yet the ships it lost to German submarines in the Atlantic during the Great War were themselves valued at eleven millions.

Long may the great copper beaver wave its tail over London a memorial and a promise of the dauntless enterprise of men of British blood.

## AN ARCHITECT LOOKS ROUND

### The Universal Troubles

*I never met a hospital sister who was really satisfied with the accommodation provided for linen, or found a type of hospital window which admitted fresh air without causing a complaint from some patient in the ward.*

That is the report of Mr. Lionel Pearson to the Royal Institute of British Architects on a tour he has made of the hospitals of Europe and America.

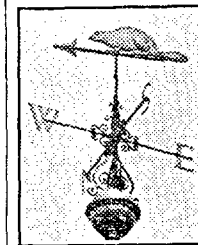
Mr. Pearson declares that no country in the world has finer hospitals than ours. Difficulties beset hospital architects in England, such as those recorded above, but Mr. Pearson takes comfort in the fact that his tour has proved them universal.

We hope the architects of the R.I.B.A. will be able to overcome them, though we remember one A.R.I.B.A. who forgot the front door and put the hot-water pipes in the larder to make the butter melt.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A 10th-century manuscript	£9000
A document by Sir Philip Sidney	£1520
Two paintings by Fantin-Latour	£1176
An Adam bookcase	£703
A drawing by Birket Foster	£504
A document signed by Raleigh	£320
MS. of a poem by Wordsworth	£320
A Jacobean oak table	£215



The Beaver on Beaver House



# THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure

By Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 25

### The Cage

THERE was no longer the least room for uncertainty; Larry was inside the fort, near at hand, in some not very exposed spot where he could hear sounds from the outside.

"Where is it?" Michael asked himself. "How can I get him out?"

He waited a few minutes until quite sure that the mutual signals had not aroused the garrison; then once more he climbed the rocky cliff, and found the crack in the cement that had enabled him to gain the wall. It was easy then to get a grip of the coping and hoist himself up.

Lying as flat as possible, so that his shape should not be seen on the skyline, he looked over into the enclosure and took a more careful survey of it than he had done before. Larry's answer to his call had come from a spot so near that he thought it likely his brother's place of imprisonment was almost directly beneath him. Should he venture to climb down and see?

His heart beat faster as he visualised the probable dangers. For a few moments he felt slack; he might do more harm than good—he had better go back and consult Chang and Tim Bunce.

But his hesitation lasted only for those few moments. Then he braced himself, and, taking one more look around, dropped noiselessly on his stockinged soles upon the platform six feet below him.

It was about four yards wide, and the roof of corrugated iron extended for about three yards beyond it at the same level. He found, of course, that he could see less of the fort enclosure from the foot of the wall than he had been able to see from the top; but he heard people moving about below, and he shrank back against the wall to consider what course he could take that would not involve instant discovery.

Larry's answering signal, he thought, had come from the right hand as he faced the wall outside. He was about to move in that direction when it occurred to him that he must somehow mark the spot where he had crossed the wall. If he had to return in haste and climbed at any other spot, where the surface of the glacis was unbroken, he might slither down the smooth incline and the cliff below pell-mell into the lake or upon the rocks as its edge. Feeling in his pockets, he found a little tin case, about as big round as a penny, containing a tape measure. This he laid at the foot of the wall as a guiding mark.

Then, still keeping close against the wall and bending low, he crept along for some twenty paces, stopped, lay flat, and very quietly gave his signal hoot. There was no reply. He waited for a minute or two, then repeated the sound. Still there was no reply.

Had he been mistaken? Had his imagination deceived him? Or had something happened to Larry in the brief interval, perhaps ten minutes, since his former signal had been answered?

The sound of voices almost below him in the open enclosure suggested that there was no immediate occasion for alarm. Perhaps Larry was only keeping silence because he also heard the voices, and was too near them to take a risk.

Michael lay still, quivering with anxiety and impatience. The high-pitched voices continued for a time what was to him a meaningless gabble. Would the speakers never go? At last, to his joy, the sounds grew fainter. He heard scuffling footsteps moving away. To make sure of not repeating his signal prematurely he set himself deliberately to count the seconds.

"When I have counted two hundred," he said to himself, "I will hoot again."

With slow, repressive regularity he counted. He had come to one hundred and ninety-eight when he almost jumped as he heard a low hoot from below, apparently at the very spot where he had lately heard the voices. It was a little to his left; he had apparently overshot the mark.

He did not dare to answer now. Keeping flat upon the platform, he crawled like a worm to the edge of it, and thence to the corrugated roof. It gave with a little creak under his weight. He stopped, listened anxiously, heard no alarming sound, and crawled on again.

As he approached the edge he could see over into the broad street or passage-way.

"If I can see I can be seen," he thought.

And at that moment, hearing footsteps at the far end of the street, he slid backward until he was out of sight and lay perfectly still till the man had passed by. Then, mustering his courage, he rolled to the edge of the roof, which had no gutter, looked across the enclosure and to right and left and, seeing nobody, stretched a hand over and groped beneath the iron.

He found that it rested on a horizontal beam of stout timber. Stretching still farther, he discovered that at intervals of a few inches a series of heavy iron bars penetrated the timber. The spaces between them were empty.

"A cage!" he thought, amazed. "Like the cages at the Zoo. Do they keep—"

And then he suffered another shock, for as his hand moved up and down in the space between two bars it touched warm, living flesh; it was grasped; and while he was still tingling from head to toe there came a loud whisper.

"That you, Mike?"

## CHAPTER 26

### Tense Moments

AT that moment Michael would have rejoiced in the strength of a Samson that he might have torn those iron bars from their sockets, lifted his brother, and carried him away into safety.

"Are you all right?" he whispered, bending down as closely as he dared.

"Yes. Jolly glad you've come. Hoped you would."

"Not hurt at all?"

"Left arm a bit groggy. But I'll tell you all about it presently—if I can get out. Tisn't safe to talk long; may be discovered any moment. Anyone with you?"

"Only Lo Fing, not far away. But Tim Bunce—"

"Bunce! Is he alive?"

"Yes. He's with Chang and Ah Sung at the launch a few miles away. If I can only get you out! What about—"

There was a noise in a shed on the opposite side of the street. Michael had only just time to wriggle out of sight before three men emerged. They crossed over, stopped at the cage, jeered at the prisoner within, then passed on.

"You see!" said Larry, when the sound of their footsteps had died away. "As few words as possible. My walls are brick. Two other cages, one on each side, empty. Roof fixed on with iron bolts. Bars strong; can't shift 'em; have tried."

"Could we shift one of them between us?"

"Don't think so. Anyway, don't try it. You might be spotted. They'd slice off your head."

"But don't they ever go to sleep? Surely there'll be a chance presently. I don't hear anything now."

"Very uncertain. Seem to be about at all hours. No good if you get collared too."

"Well, I'll wait. We'll have a shot at it. I'll drop over when it seems safe. I'll give you notice by a little tap on the roof."

The conversation had been carried on in rapid whispers, with a pause after every sentence during which they listened for sounds from the Chinese.

Michael crept back over the roof, and lay waiting. Sounds came fitfully from the huts and sheds; he guessed that the pirates, born gamblers like most Chinese, were playing fan-tan, and might keep it up until dawn. Now and then he heard footsteps, but the intervals grew longer, and presently some of the lights in the huts went out and there were only occasional murmurs.

Tapping lightly on the roof, Michael crawled again to the edge and dropped noiselessly down on to the ground.

"The gate!" he whispered to Larry behind the bars.

"No good," was the answering whisper. "Look at it: two huge locks. No; let's try a bar."

Michael got a grip with both hands on one of the bars, and put forth his utmost strength to bend it or loosen its setting in the timber above or below. Larry helped him with his uninjured arm, but their united efforts made not the least impression. They spent some minutes in trying one bar after another; all were immovably fixed.

"Quite useless," whispered Michael. "Are you always shut up here?"

"Yes. Won't be much longer. Wonder I'm alive. Chinese would have done for me long ago but for Mirski. But it really isn't safe to go on talking here. Can you get a file?"

"There's one on the launch, of course, but that means another day."

"Nothing else to be done. Cut off, old chap. Come back with a file tomorrow night. If we can cut through one bar I think I can squeeze through. Difficult to use a file without being heard, but there's no other way. As they've kept me alive so long I dare say they'll keep me another twenty-four hours."

"Couldn't I find a file somewhere about here?" asked Michael, loth to leave his brother.

"Perfectly absurd to think of it! You'd run against someone. Hook it, Mike, please; not that I want you to go; you can't imagine how different I feel; it was Heaven to hear your old hoot. But you can't do anything now. Bring the file to-morrow night. I'll be on thorns till you come. Then—quick, old man!"

## Clean, Healthy Adventure Stories for Boys!

Every boy likes CHUMS—the grand old weekly paper that his father liked before him. It is always packed with thrilling adventure stories and the sort of articles on games and hobbies that every manly boy likes best. Buy this week's issue and see for yourself how good it is.

# CHUMS

Every Saturday, 2d.

There were alarming sounds from the far side of the fort. Michael gripped his brother's hand, swarmed up to the roof, and was back against the wall before a party of Chinese, noisily quarrelling, passed the cage. He lay flat until they were out of hearing; then, not daring to stand erect, crawled along to find the little tin case he had left to guide him.

But he had no sooner laid his hand upon it than the sound of a strange voice below held him fixed there at the foot of the wall.

"A fine night, as you say, you English. Yes, a fine night, outside the cage. Inside—you are happy, eh?"

The spoken English was correct, but the accent was strange, the pitch of the voice quite un-English. Who was the speaker? Michael listened for more.

"You have cages for animals in your Zoo. Oh, yes! I have seen them. I have seen your English children flocking from cage to cage, to hear the lions roar and the monkeys chatter. Yes; it is fun for them. Is it fun also behind the bars? You can tell."

"But there is a difference. The animals cannot get out. You can; or, rather, you may, if you do what I bid. I have said so before; I say so again. What do you say?"

Michael awaited the answer with a quickened pulse. He could hardly doubt that the speaker was the pirate chief himself, Ming Wang Tang, the man whom he had seen twice in remarkable circumstances. Clearly the Chinese, like many of his countrymen in these days, was a traveller and had learned his English in England itself. But what was it that he was pressing Larry to do? What would Larry's answer be?

Larry made no reply at all. There was an interval of silence; not a sound was audible except the muffled footsteps of the pirate, who was apparently walking up and down in front of the cage.

"You are silent, pig. You are obstinate. What have you to hope for? My fort is far from the places where your countrymen play the tyrant. Indeed, it will not be long before they are all killed or driven away and China is left to the Chinese. You have no friends here. Your brother is far away; there is no one to save you."

"And the time is getting short. Do what I bid, and you shall be released and taken in safety to Macao. But refuse and you shall be let out of the cage indeed, but only to lose your head. Make up your mind, then: There is little time left, and I swear to you by the three religions that if within that time (no, I will not tell you how many hours), if within a period that only I know you have not decided to obey me you will never see your country, or your friends, or your brother, again. Will you answer me now?"

Again there was silence. Not a word escaped Larry's lips. Then the pirate changed his note. There poured from his mouth a stream of violent, coarse abuse in Chinese. Then, having exhausted his venom, he strode away.

Michael, raising his head, watched the man cross the open space and disappear into a hutment opposite.

It was time to be gone. The period of grace had not been specified; it might be long or short. The rescue must be attempted without delay. The hour was already so near dawn that nothing could be done until the next night. Michael was beset with anxiety lest he should return too late.

All was quiet. He climbed up and over the wall, and began to creep down the crack in the concrete. As he went a slab of the concrete broke off beneath his feet. He slipped down the slope and, unable to regain his footing, slid and rolled helplessly down the rocky incline below, bumping from boulder to boulder. There was a crash, and he hurtled with a splash into the lake.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## A Benefactor to All Mankind

HE was a Gloucestershire man and lived nearly all his life in that county. There his father was a clergyman, and there he himself was educated and studied medicine. His mind was thoroughly scientific, and if he had not distinguished himself as a pioneer in safeguarding health he would have been famous on other scientific lines.

As a young man studying medicine he served in London under one of the greatest of physicians, John Hunter. At that time he was interested in zoology, and was given the task of arranging the specimens brought back by Sir Joseph Banks from Captain Cook's first voyage round the world.

At that time a foul and loathsome disease kept sweeping over England, destroying the lives of young and old, rich and poor, and leaving sometimes blindness and often disfigurement behind it. This doctor set himself the task of studying the disease. A somewhat similar but milder disease attacked cows, and it was widely believed that by giving anyone this mild disease the more dreadful disease would not be caught.

This Gloucestershire doctor made a careful study of the disease and its supposed remedies, and finally discovered a form of vaccination which does safeguard against the disease for a number of years, though after a time the operation needs to be repeated. That the process, when properly carried out, is effective, has been proved in hundreds of epidemics in all parts of the world; and so clear is this that the laws of many countries insist, for the public good, that all people shall be vaccinated against smallpox.

But, from the first, many doctors, who were often very ignorant in those days, objected to vaccination, and spread a distrust of it among the people. Now it is very rare to find one doctor who does not know the value of this safeguard against disease, and yet there are many people who cherish, as if they were truths, the ignorant and selfish objections of the doctors who opposed the remedy a century ago.

In all parts of the world the discovery of an effective prevention of the terrible scourge of smallpox has been of enormous use in warding off suffering and death, and the Gloucestershire doctor whose studies produced the remedy has been honoured everywhere by wise people who



have real knowledge. The Government made the discoverer a grant of £20,000 to pay the expenses of his researches, and posterity has erected several statues to him. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



June 25, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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# The Streams Are Singing in the Meadows



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, is made up of four letters.

A loud noise. A wide space. A neat little home. A barred entrance.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Blackfaced Barwell Sheep

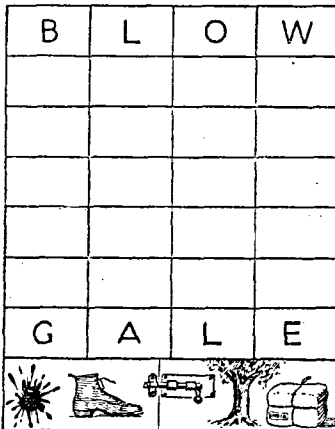
This domesticated sheep is found on the highlands of the Eastern Himalayas. Its wool, which is long and coarse and of superior quality to that of the sheep raised in the plains, forms the greater part of the wool used by the Buddhist tribes of that region. The rams are of a very fierce disposition.

### What Am I?

YOU'll find me in saucepan, but not in dish,  
You'll find me in lobster, but not in fish,  
You'll find me in mortar, but not in brick,  
You'll find me in haystack, but not in rick,  
You'll find me in fortune, but not in woe,  
You'll find me in ploughshare, but not in hoe,  
You'll find me in fountain, but not in jet,  
You'll find me in trawler, but not in net,  
You'll find me in paper, but not in pen,  
You'll find me in blackbird, but not in wren,  
My whole is a man who lives by the sea,  
And there, no doubt, you have often seen me.

Answer next week

### Changeling



Change the word Blow into Gale with only five intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

### Is Your Name Herbert?

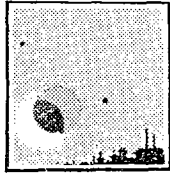
THE noble family of this name, coming from the Welsh marches, were without a surname when first they became prominent, so they took the Christian name of a supposed English ancestor as their surname. Thus the name itself is English, and not Welsh. It was spelled originally Hereberht. Here meant a warrior, and beorht meant bright, so the first Herbert was a warrior of bright presence, either through the brightness of his weapons or the brilliance of his fighting prowess.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE cuckoo's note is last heard. The songs of the whinchat and wood warbler cease.

These second broods of house-sparrows are hatched. Rooks return to their nest trees. The white plume moth appears.

The wasp beetle, common wasp, and cleg or great breeze-fly are seen. Among plants now coming into blossom are bulrush, spearwort, privet, yellow and white water-lilies, couch grass, great plantain, millefoil, basil thyme, blackberry, field scabious, meadow-sweet, borage, agrimony, skull cap, great valerian, lime, ragwort, and yellow toadflax. The spurge laurel berries are ripe.



The position of the otherwise invisible Moon at 6 a.m. on June 29, during the eclipse of the Sun

### Six Indian Proverbs

QUIETNESS is worth much gold. Not an atom will move without the permission of God.

That is happiness which springs from virtue. Whom will he help that does not help his mother?

Do not step down unless you know the depth. Do not destroy yourself by pride.

### Magic Figures

$9 \times 9 + 7 = 88$   
 $9 \times 98 + 6 = 888$   
 $9 \times 987 + 5 = 8888$   
 $9 \times 9876 + 4 = 88888$   
 $9 \times 98765 + 3 = 888888$   
 $9 \times 987654 + 2 = 8888888$   
 $9 \times 9876543 + 1 = 88888888$   
 $9 \times 98765432 + 0 = 888888888$   
 $9 \times 987654321 - 1 = 8888888888$

### Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise

Too much money means too much worry  
And makes a man old, and cold in the sun;  
But not too much worry and just enough money  
Keep a man young till his days are done.

### Ici On Parle Français

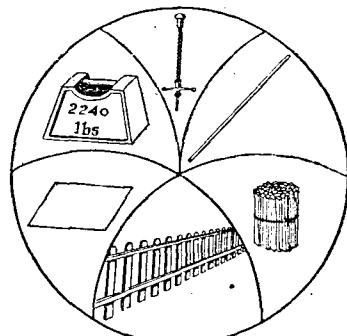


La bouteille Le navire Le collier  
Voici une bouteille; où est l'autre?  
Ce navire s'appelle un cargo-boat  
Le collier se porte autour du cou

### How Pinchbeck Got Its Name

PINCHBECK is a metal made up of three or four parts of copper with one of zinc, and is largely used for cheap jewellery. Pinchbeck being used as an imitation for gold, the word gradually came to be applied to anything sham, and so we speak of pinchbeck patriotism, and so on. The metal was named after its inventor, a London watchmaker.

### A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown in these pictures take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of a large spring flower.

Answer next week

## Jacko Has a Great Surprise

ONE morning Mrs. Jacko called to Jacko to come into the kitchen. "Guess what I've got here!" she said.

"Some jam tarts," said Jacko hopefully, but Mrs. Jacko shook her head.

"That's a very dull guess," she said, and she took Jacko over to a corner and showed him three baby pigs huddled together in a basket.

"I found them in the garden," said Mrs. Jacko. "They must have come through a hole in the hedge. I shall keep them till somebody claims them."

"I'm surprised to see them in the kitchen," said Jacko. "There's no end of a fuss if I bring even a caterpillar indoors."

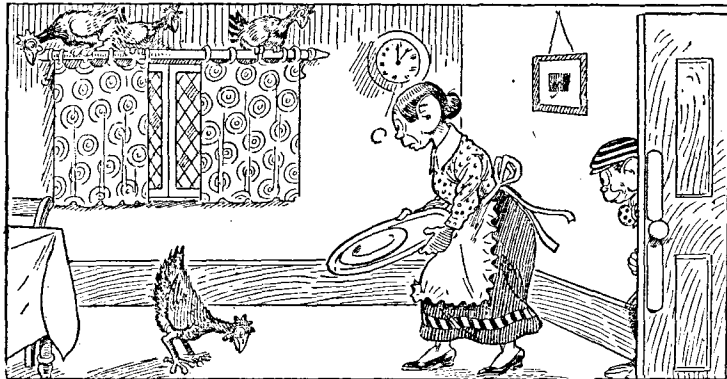
"That's quite different," said Mrs. Jacko hurriedly. "I don't mind anything except insects—nasty, creepy things."

It was really very rash of Mrs. Jacko to make such a remark. Jacko took it in with open ears, and that very afternoon when his mother had gone out he began to brew mischief.

"Anything except insects," he said to himself softly. "Well, we'll see what we can do." And he opened the back door and began sprinkling some breadcrumbs in the passage.

At once there was a terrific clucking, and all Mrs. Jacko's fowls appeared as if by magic. They followed Jacko into the house, and at last he managed to entice the whole lot into the parlour by laying a trail of crumbs along the carpet.

After that he went out into the garden again and gazed longingly at the animals in the field on the other side of the hedge.



One of the fowls flew down on to the carpet

"I wish I could borrow a cow," he said; but just then he heard the garden gate click and there was Mrs. Jacko, who had come back from her shopping.

Jacko suddenly began to feel rather frightened, and when Mrs. Jacko opened the parlour door he hovered anxiously behind her, ready to bolt at the least warning.

But, strange to say, nothing terrible happened. Mrs. Jacko walked straight into the room and calmly sat down on the sofa. The fowls had completely vanished.

Jacko didn't know what to make of it all. The windows were shut and the birds couldn't possibly have got up the chimney. When Mrs. Jacko went into the kitchen to make tea he looked under the sofa and chairs and inside the piano, but the birds weren't there. It really was quite uncanny.

But when Mrs. Jacko came back with the tea-tray one of the fowls suddenly flew down on to the carpet and began pecking at some crumbs that had been dropped. And all the others quickly followed suit. They had been roosting on the curtain poles above the windows, where Jacko had never thought of looking!

Of course Mrs. Jacko guessed who was at the bottom of it; but she wasn't very angry, for when Jacko wickedly reminded her of what she had said in the morning she could only say that she had nobody but herself to blame.

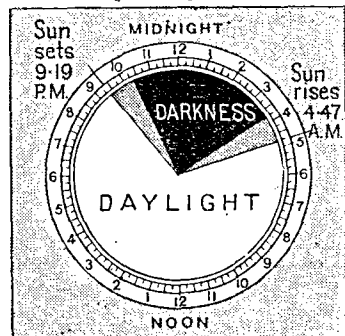
### Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	6085..6435..	3474..3836
Glasgow	1948..1889..	1138..1156
Birmingham	1511..1438..	816..904
Manchester	1059..1061..	709..738
Belfast	862..862..	433..704
Sheffield	650..721..	407..417
Plymouth	321..272..	171..168
Southampton	224..264..	148..148
St. Helens	201..215..	94..154
Grimsby	149..121..	67..91
Ipswich	108..116..	65..55
Cambridge	80..81..	38..33

The four weeks are up to May 28, 1927.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight now grows shorter each day.

## DI MERRYMAN

### In a Safe Place

FLUSTERED CLERK: Please, sir, I'm very sorry, but I can't open the safe; I've lost the key.

Employer: That's very careless of you, Smith; but didn't I give you two keys? Where's the other?

Flustered Clerk (hesitatingly): Yes, sir, and I know I put that one in a safe place, so that I should be sure to have it if the first one got lost. Now where did I put it? Oh, I know (triumphantly), in the safe!

### A Wonder of the Deep



A SIMPLE old seaman named Gale Caught an eel with a wireless tail;

When it flashed SOS  
He was quite at a loss  
What to do so he went for a sail!

WHAT is that which A can put into his right hand, but which B cannot put into his left hand?  
B's left elbow.

### The Simple Boy

I LOVE with a love that can never be told  
Sausages, treacle, and peas;  
Other things leave me a little bit cold,  
Such as puddings of rice or chocolate mould,  
Or a mince of mutton that's two days old;

But sausages, treacle, and peas  
Inspire my mind with a passion for song,  
And I sing great lauds to the dinner-gong  
And keep on saying: How long?  
How long?  
Before they are here to make me strong?

Sausages, treacle, and peas!  
Simple tastes, as my mother declares,  
Can save the soul from a thousand snares.

I've never been known to omit a "Please"

When I'm asked to have sausages, treacle, and peas;  
But my manners, I fear, are not those of a prince  
When I'm asked to have rice, semolina, or mince.

### June and December

WHAT is the difference between June and December?  
One is famous for its red roses and the other for its blue noses.

### A Reversed Word

A WORD of comfort oft applied,  
When in a corner close you hide;  
Reversed, will offer to your sight  
Terrific weapons used in fight

Answer next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

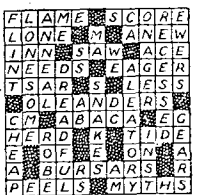
#### Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

What Am I?  
Time

A Puzzle in  
Rhyme

Ben Jonson



Do You Know Me? Echo



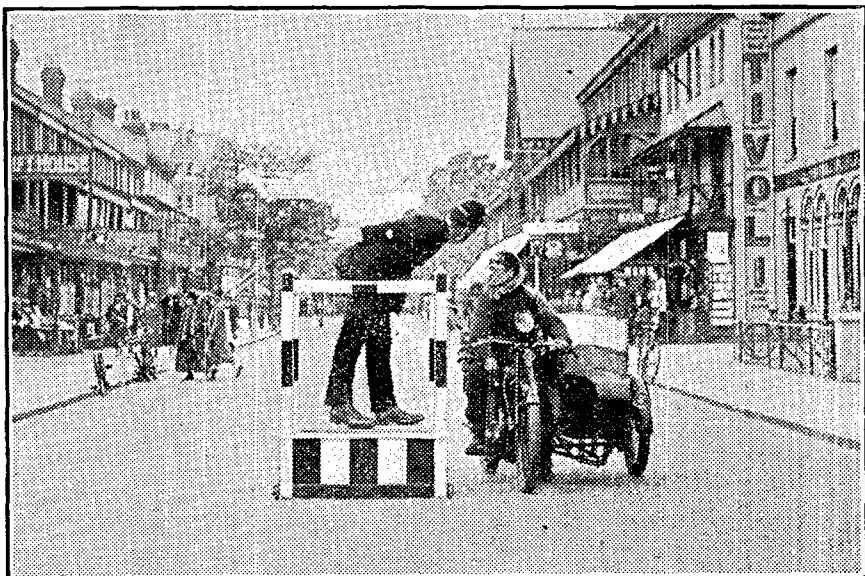
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDRENS' NEWSPAPER

June 25, 1927 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

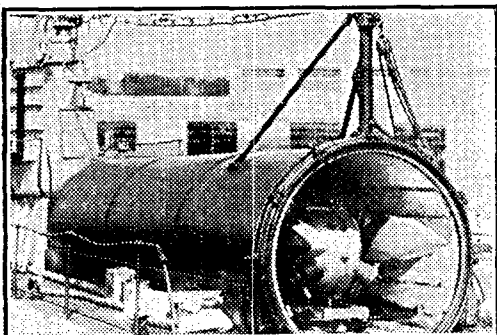
## SEAPLANE IN A SUBMARINE • ELECTRIC LIGHTSHIP • ALLIGATOR PETS



The Traffic Policeman's Platform—At Clacton the policeman at a cross-roads has a platform from which to direct the traffic. It enables motorists to see his signals more easily



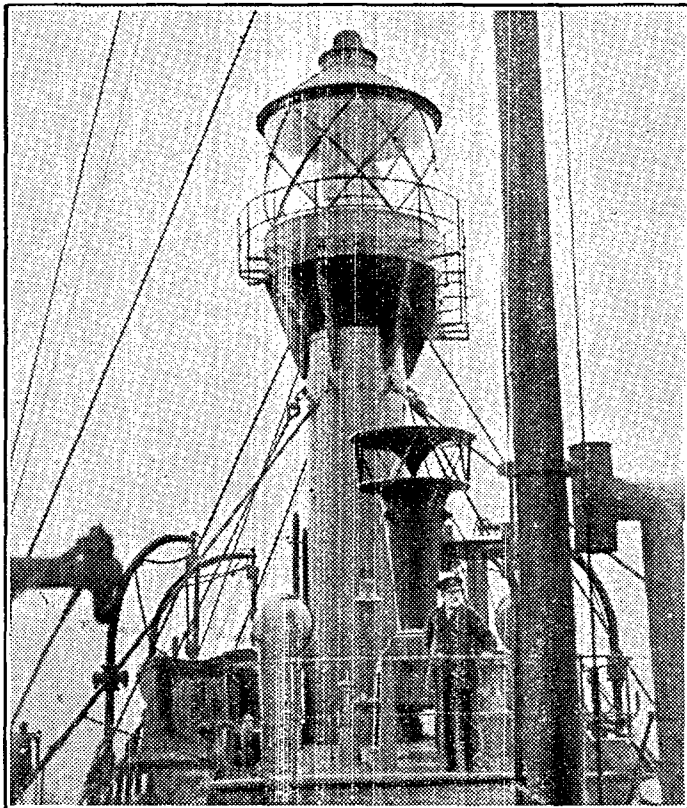
In Troubled Shanghai—The Chinese war has moved north of Shanghai, but the city is still in a state of unrest. These people were unable to cross the river when the ferrymen struck



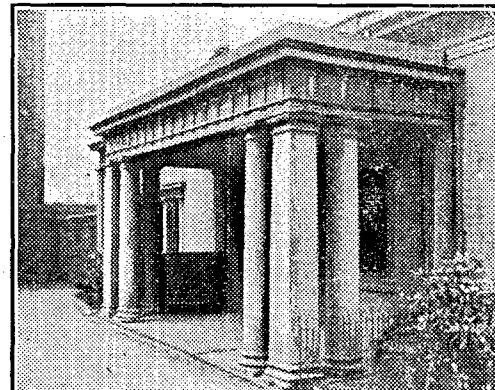
Seaplane in a Submarine—So important is aerial observation to a fleet that submarines in some navies now carry seaplanes. This picture shows a small seaplane packed away on the deck of a submarine



Playtime at the Zoo—Murphy, the orang-utan at the London Zoo, has been given a child's wooden horse, and he is here seen taking a walk with his new toy



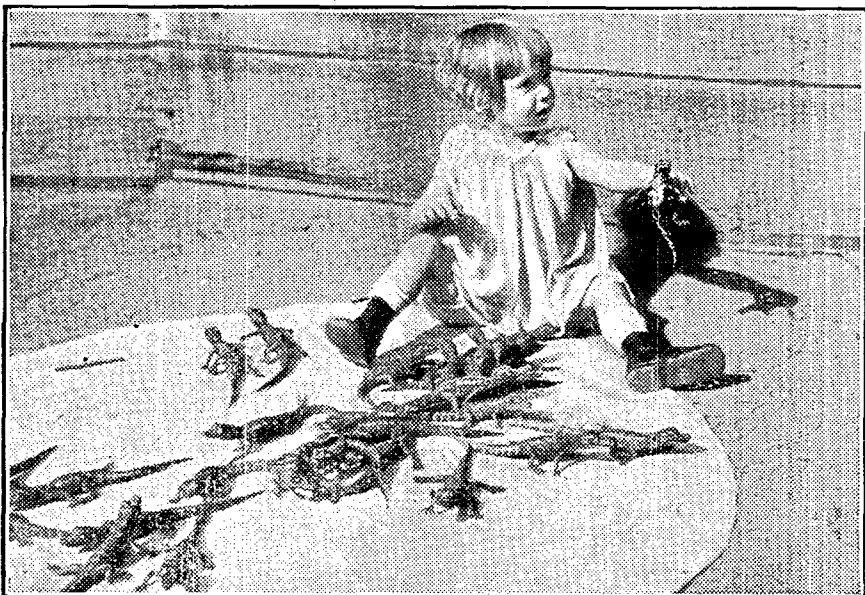
An Up-to-Date Lightship—A new lightship has been anchored off Eastbourne to replace a 40-year-old ship. It has electric light, wireless, and submarine signalling apparatus. This picture shows the light and the foghorn



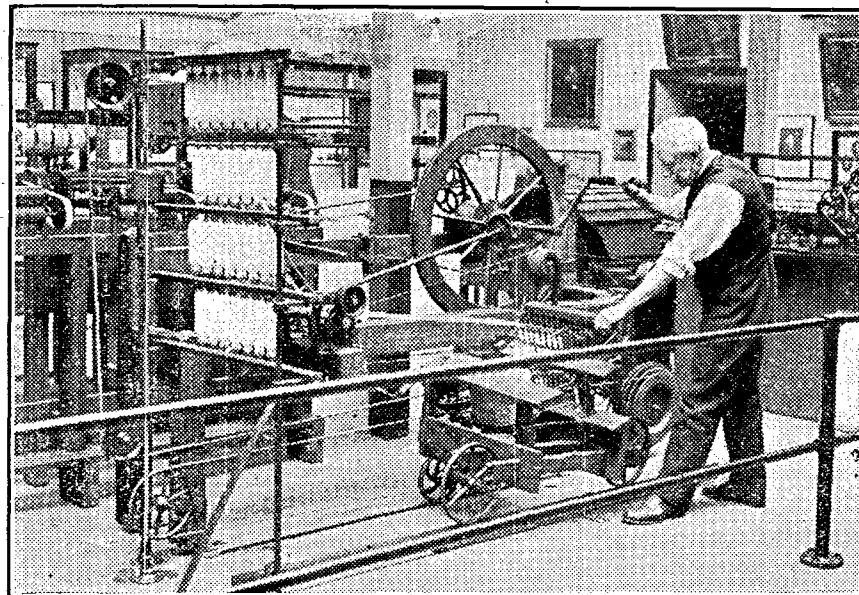
John Evelyn's House—This is John Evelyn's house at Deptford where Peter the Great lived while learning shipbuilding in 1698. It is still standing, and with Henry VIII's dock, has been bought by the War Office



House-Moving Day for the Snakes—Here we see a keeper capturing a Cuban boa to move it to the new Reptile House just opened at the Zoo. See page 4



Playing with Baby Alligators—A little girl who lives next door to the alligator farm at Los Angeles, California, often plays with some of the baby alligators, as shown in this picture



Samuel Crompton's Spinning Mule—A hundred years ago on June 26 Samuel Crompton died. He invented this spinning mule, which made cotton-spinning quicker and cheaper

## TWENTY YEARS OF OUR NEW SKYWAYS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JULY

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